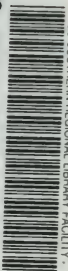


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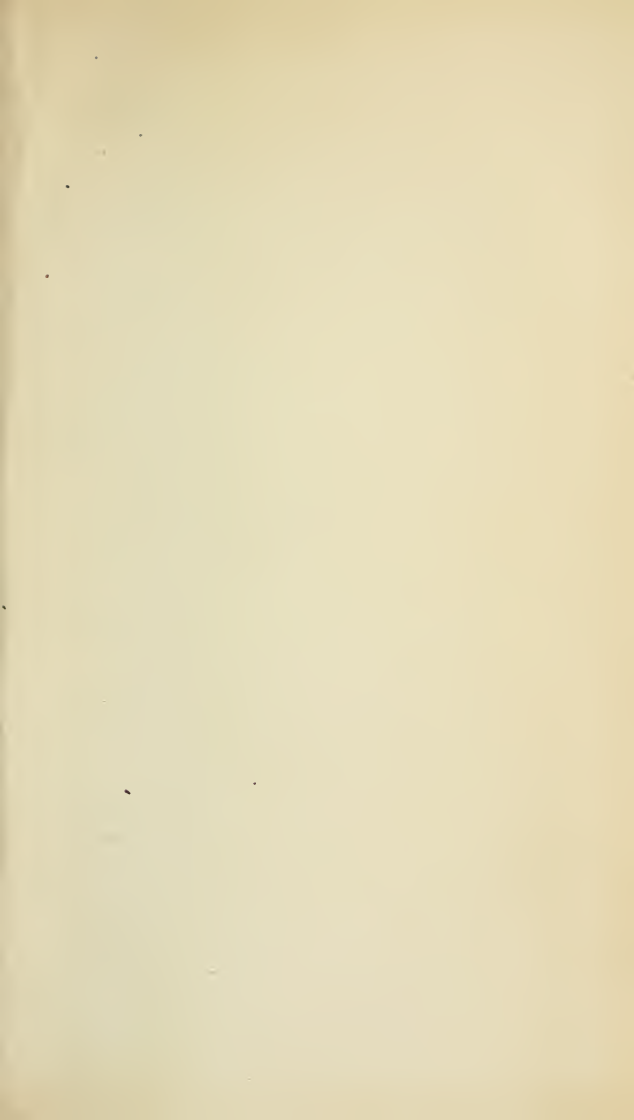
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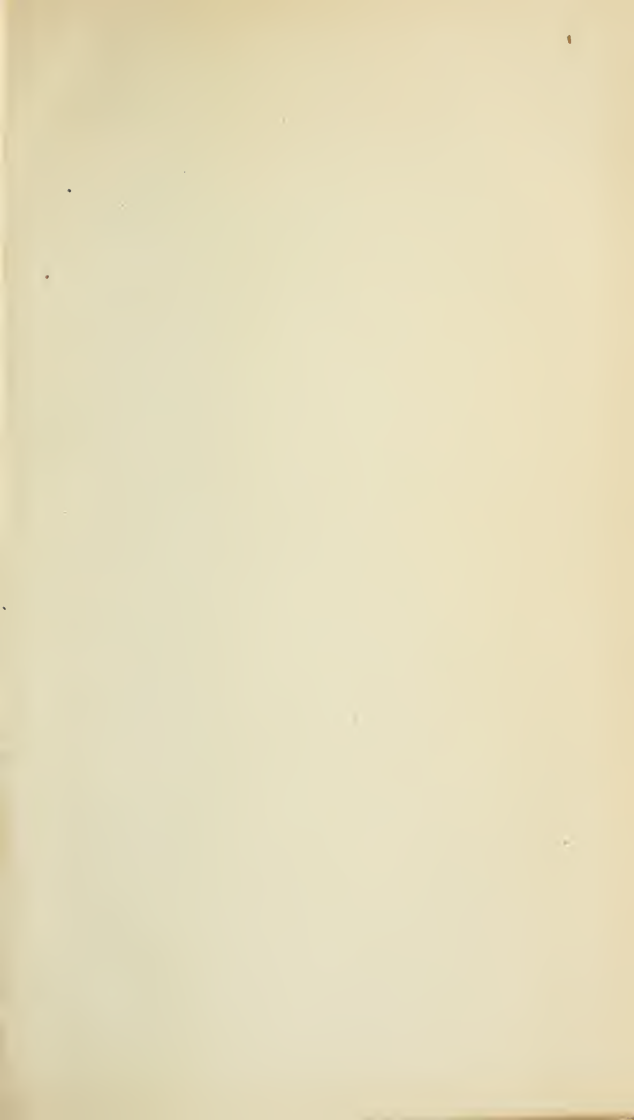
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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

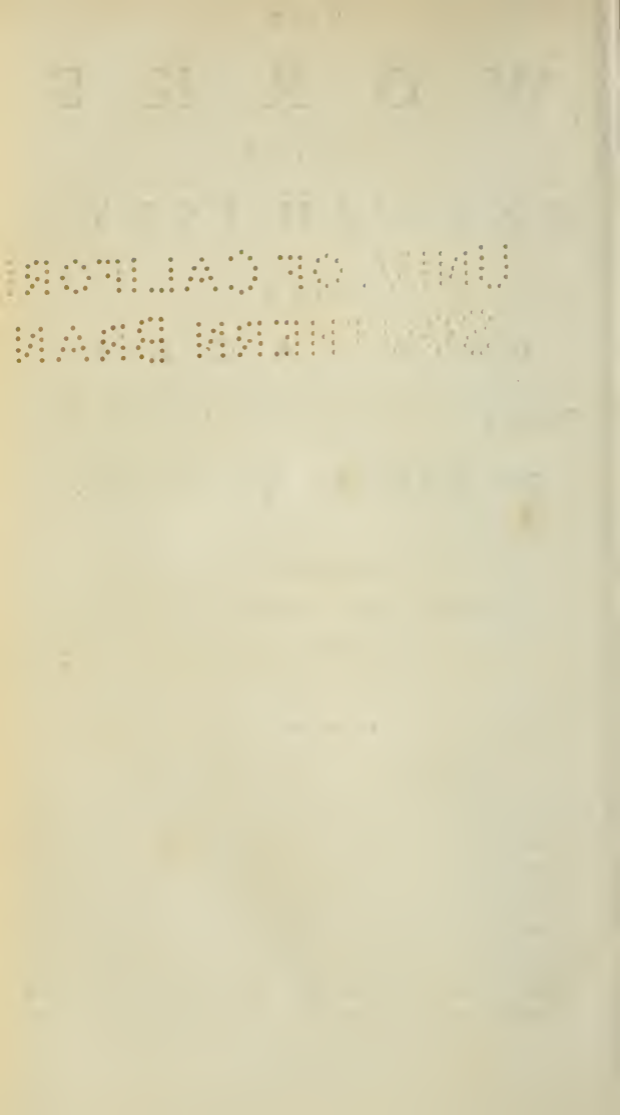
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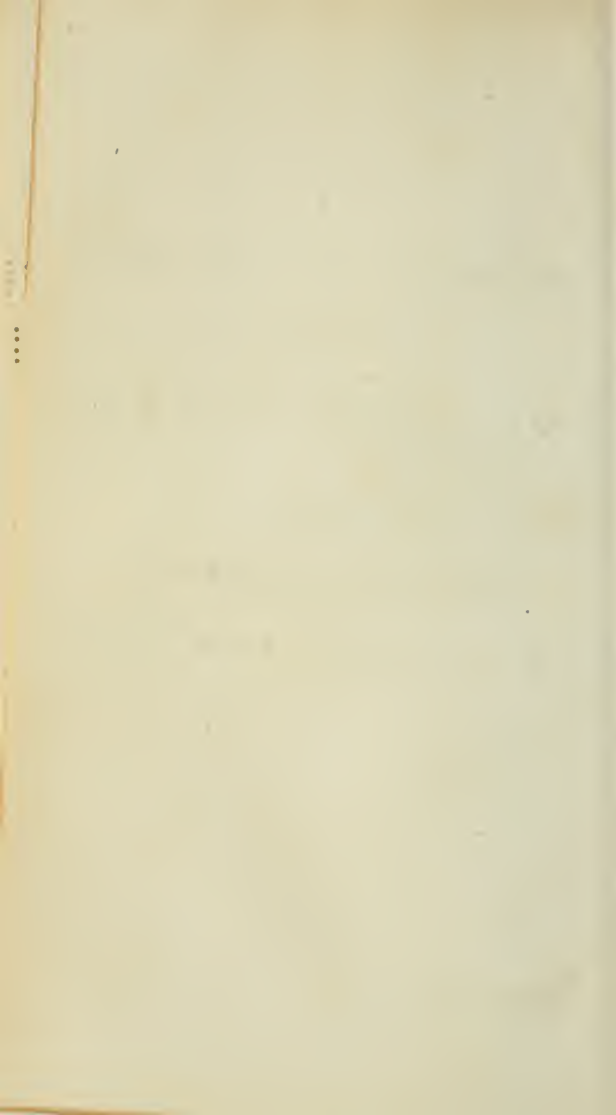
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THE
TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE FIRST VOLUME OF
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.



THE

W O R K S

OF

V I R G I L:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY MR. DRYDEN.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

O N H I S

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verse I see,
 The pompous scene charms my admiring eye:
 There different beauties in perfection meet;
 The thoughts as proper, as the numbers sweet:
 And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
 Judgment steps in, and moderates her flight.
 Wisely he manages his wealthy store,
 Still says enough, and yet implies still more:
 For though the weighty sense be closely wrought,
 The reader's left t'improve the pleasing thought.

Hence we despair to see an English dress
 Should e'er his nervous energy express;
 For who could that in fetter'd rhyme inclose,
 Which without loss can scarce be told in prose!

But you, great Sir, his manly genius raise;
 And make your copy share an equal praise.
 Oh how I see thee in soft scenes of love,
 Renew those passions he alone could move!
 Here Cupid's charms are with new art express'd,
 And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful rest:
 Leaves her Elysium, as if glad to live,
 To love, and wish, to sigh, despair, and grieve,
 And die again for him that would again deceive.

Nor does the mighty Trojan less appear
 Than Mars himself amidst the storms of war,
 Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
 And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
 The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
 And, though unwounded, seem to feel their fate,

Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
 With barbarous spite, prophan'd his sacred page.
 The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
 Wrested his sense, and cramp'd his vigorous style;
 No time, no pains, the drudging pedants spare;
 But still his shoulders must the burden bear.
 While through the mazes of their comments led,
 We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
 Yet, through these shades of undistinguish'd night
 Appear'd some glimmering intervals of light;
 Till mangled by a vile translating sect,
 Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
 Till Ogleby, mature in dulness, rose,
 And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming prose,
 His strength and beauty did at once depose.

But now the magic spell is at an end,
 Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
 You free the Bard from rude oppressors' power,
 And grace his verse with charms unknown before:
 He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,
 Which chiefly should his gratitude command;
 Whether should claim the tribute of his heart,
 'The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.

}
 Alike

Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
 The Roman genius in thy verse renew'd:
 We saw thee raise soft Ovid's amorous fire,
 And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
 We saw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
 And crabbed Perseus made politely plain:
 Virgil alone was thought too great a task;
 What you could scarce perform, or we durst ask:
 A task! which Waller's Muse could ne'er engage;
 A task! too hard for Denham's stronger rage:
 Sure of success they some slight fallies try'd,
 But the fenc'd coast their bold attempts defy'd.
 With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
 Quitted the province Fate reserv'd for you.
 In vain thus Philip did the Persians storm;
 A work his son was destin'd to perform.

" O had Roscommon liv'd to hail the day,
 " And sing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
 " When you in Roman majesty appear,
 " Which none know better, and none come so near:"
 The happy author would with wonder see,
 His rules were only prophecies of thee:
 And were he now to give translators light,
 He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.

For this great task our loud applause is due;
 We own old favours, but must press for new:
 Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
 And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
 To right his injur'd works, and set them free
 From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.

Then shall his verse in grateful pomp appear,
 Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
 On those Greek cities we shall look with scorn,
 And in our Britain think the Poet born.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

O N H I S

T R A N S L A T I O N O F V I R G I L.

I.

WE read, how dreams and visions heretofore
 The Prophet and the Poet could inspire;
 And make them in unusual rapture soar,
 With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

II.

O could I find it now;—Would Virgil's shade
 But for a while vouchsafe to bear the light;
 'To grace my numbers, and that Muse to aid,
 Who sings the Poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this sacred Author's fate,
 To lie at every dull Translator's will;
 Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the weight
 Of mangling Ogleby's presumptuous quill.

IV.

IV.

Dryden, at last, in his defence arose;
 The father now is righted by the son:
 And while his Muse endeavours to disclose
 That Poet's beauties, she declares her own.

V.

In your smooth, pompous numbers drest, each line,
 Each thought, betrays such a majestic touch;
 He could not, had he finish'd his design,
 Have wish'd it better, or have done so much.

VI.

You, like his Hero, though yourself were free;
 And disentangled from the war of wit;
 You, who secure might other dangers see,
 And safe from all malicious censures sit.

VII.

Yet because sacred Virgil's noble Muse,
 O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
 To risk your fame again, you boldly chuse,
 Or to redeem, or perish with your fire.

VIII.

Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you,
 For that his Æneids mis'd their threaten'd fate,
 Was—that his friends by some prediction knew,
 Hereafter, who correcting should translate.

IX.

But hold, my Muse, thy needles flight restrain,
Unless, like him, thou couldst a verse indite:

To think his fancy to describe is vain,
Since nothing can discover light, but light.

X.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praise should make your glory less.

And therefore, like the modest Painter, I
Must draw the veil, where I cannot express.

HENRY GRAHME.

T O M R. D R Y D E N.

NO undisputed Monarch govern'd yet
With universal sway the realms of wit;
Nature could never such expence afford;
Each several province own'd a several lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muse embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the stale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy lessen'd, and his fire destroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treasures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's universal monarch crown'd.

Your

Your mighty sway your great desert secures,
 And every Muse and every Grace is yours,
 To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
 Sated with this, you to another fly.
 So Sultan-like in your seraglio stand,
 While wishing Muses wait for your command.
 Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
 Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind.
 Not all the blasts of time can do you wrong;
 Young, spite of age; in spite of weakness, strong.
 Time, like Alcides, strikes you to the ground:
 You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

T O M R. D R Y D E N,

O N H I S

V I R G I L.

TIS said that Phidias gave such living grace
 To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
 That the cold marble might even seem to be
 The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You pass'd that artist, Sir, and all his powers,
 Making the best of Roman Poets ours;
 With such effect, we know not which to call
 The imitation, which th' original.

What

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no less;
And such the majesty of your impress,
You seem the very author you translate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving destiny constrain,
To dress his thoughts in English o'er again,
Himself could write no otherwise than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, submit,
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

J. A. WRIGHT.

V I R G I L ' S

P A S T O R A L S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH,

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such Patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who
introduced

introduced me to Augustus: and though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune: without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe. I can only hear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your lordship some delight, though made English by one, who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry, (if the *Ceiras* was not his:) and it was more excuseable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work

in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of Shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his *Æneis*. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but addressing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himself no vulgar Poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same *Cumæn Sibyl*, whom afterwards he

gave

gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *Paulo Majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of Philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing of wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover: the latter a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed, both in the *Pollio*, and the *Silenus*; where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his Patron:

Patron: somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth Pastoral he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes like him a just decorum, both of the subject and the persons. As particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

“ In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter

“ Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem.”

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose (whether he means Aniximander or Eudoxus I dispute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to shew his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could: as in the *Cujum Pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *Merum Rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted Pastoral into his own country; and

brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Tasso's *Amyntas*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

“ ————*Si Pergama dextrâ*

“ *Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.*”

But Spenser being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part
of

of Virgil, or any other into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaſter. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have besides the fresh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

“ ———Nec imbellem feroces

“ Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam.”

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know without my information that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons, and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the last. So that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was

wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the Rudiments of Virgil's Poetry: coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retains some beauties of the author which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much fully, but that they sometimes appear in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise; and gives fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity, and to provide ourselves with the Virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship, is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil; and not lessen it, for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My Lord,

Your lordship's

most humble and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

T H E

THE
FIRST PASTORAL.
OR,
TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenus's intercession, and as an instance of his gratitude composed the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse:
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:

While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves; 5
 And Amarillis fills the shady groves.

TIT. These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd:
 For never can I deem him less than God.
 The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed. 10

He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
 And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around, 15
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
 Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yearning on the rocks has left her young; 20
 (The hope and promise of my failing fold.)
 My loss by dire portents the gods foretold:
 For had I not been blind, I might have seen
 Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
 And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough, 25
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
 But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
 Like Mantua, where on market-days we come, 30 }
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
 So kids and whelps their fires and dams express:
 And so the great I measur'd by the less.

But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near. 35

MEL. What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome!

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though slow
to come:

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchsafe a look, 40
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought, 45
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn;
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:

We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long, 50
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.

For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return. 55

TIT. What should I do, while here I was en-
chain'd,

No glimpse of god-like liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd, 60
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd,

He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whose farm remains }
For you sufficient, and requites your pains: 65 }
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring plains. }
Though here the marshy grounds approach your
fields,

And there the soil a stony harvest yields,
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company. 70
Behold yon bordering fence of fallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with
bees:

The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural songs 75
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIR. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range, 80
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes un-
known, 85
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold,

The

The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
 A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. 90
 O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
 Nor after length of rolling years return?
 Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
 No more our houses and our homes to see?
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne, 95
 And rule the country kingdoms, once our own!
 Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow? }
 Good heaven, what dire effects from civil discord flow! }
 Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine; 100
 The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
 Farewel my pastures, my paternal stock;
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme! 105
 No more extended in the grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
 The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep abyfs, and hang in air.
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew; 110 }
 No more my song shall please the rural crew: }
 Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu! }

TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your care;
 Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread; 115
 And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
 For see yon funny hill the shade extends:
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends,

THE
 SECOND PASTORAL.
 OR,
 ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome armour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
 The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
 Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward, 5
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
 Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
 The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
 And Thestylis wild thyme and garlick beats
 For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats: 10
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
 The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
 Thy fry with heat, and I with fierce desire.
 How much more easy was it to sustain 15
 Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
 The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
 Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
 Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
 Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass: 20
 White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
 While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
 My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know
 What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:
 What stores my dairies and my folds contain; 25
 A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:
 New milk that all the winter never fails,
 And all the summer overflows the pails:
 Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
 When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd. 30
 Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
 Upon the margin of the briny flood:
 The winds were still, and if the glass be true,
 With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.

O leave

O leave the noisy town, O come and see 35
 Our country cots, and live content with me!
 To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
 With me to drive a-field the browsing goats:
 To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
 To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan. 40
 Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
 Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
 Nor scorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
 With all his kisses would my skill have bought:
 Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have, 45
 Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
 And said, This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.
 His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift,
 For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift. 50
 Besides two kids that in the valley stray'd,
 I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
 They drain two bagging udders every day;
 And these shall be companions of thy play.
 Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain, 55
 Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
 And she shall have them, if again she sue,
 Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
 Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
 And take the presents which the nymphs prepare. 60
 White lilies in full canisters they bring,
 With all the glories of the purple spring.
 The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead.
 For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;

The

The short narcissus, and fair daffodil, 65
 Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
 And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
 To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue.
 Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
 To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode. 70
 Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
 For downy peaches and the glossy plumb:
 And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
 Such as my Amarillis us'd to love.
 The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree; 75
 And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
 Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy swain,
 Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
 Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
 Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more. 80
 What have I done to name that wealthy swain,
 So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
 The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
 And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
 Ah cruel creature, whom dost thou despise? 85
 The gods to live in woods have left the skies.
 And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
 To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
 In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
 Towers are for gods, but forests for the swain. 90
 The greedy lions the wolf pursues,
 The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse:
 Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
 All follow several games, and each his own.

See

See from afar the fields no longer smoke, 95
 The sweating steers unharnes'd from the yoke,
 Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
 The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
 Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
 Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love! 100
 I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain:
 Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
 What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd,
 Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
 Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire: 105
 Mind what the common wants of life require:
 On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
 And find an easier love, though not so fair.

THE
 THIRD PASTORAL,
 OR,
 PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

HO, swain, what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!

While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,

And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.

Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour:

Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;

}
5 }

OF

Of grafs and fodder thou defraud'ft the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the ftarving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at leaft to
men: 10

We know who did your bufinefs, how, and when.

And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;

And what the goats obferv'd with leering eyes:

The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there
your fafety lies. }

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Leis; 15
Cut Micon's tender vines, and ftole the ftays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts you broke:

When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;

And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for fpite. 20

MEN. What nonfence would the fool thy mafter
prate,

When thou, his knave, canft talk at fuch a rate!

Did I not fee you, rafcal, did I not?

When you lay snug to fnug young Damon's goat?

His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief, 25

And cry'd, There, there he goes; ftop, ftop the thief!

Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,

You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAM. An honeft man may freely take his own;

The goat was mine, by finging fairly won. 30

A folemn match was made; he loft the prize.

Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies;

I think he dares not; if he does, he lyes,

MEN.

MEN. Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
 Was so prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip: 35
 Dunce at the best; in streets but scarce allow'd
 To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
 Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
 My brinded heifer to the stake I lay; 40
 Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day:
 And twice besides her beastings never fail
 To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
 Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MEN. That should be seen, if I had one to make. 45
 You know too well I feed my father's flock:
 What can I wager from the common stock?
 A stepdame too I have, a curst she,
 Who rules my hen-peck'd fire, and orders me.
 Both number twice a-day the milky dams; 50
 At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
 But since you will be mad, and since you may
 Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
 The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
 Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood; 55
 Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
 To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
 The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
 In various shapes around the curious work.
 Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear; 60
 Conon, and, what 's his name who made the sphere,
 And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year, }

Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at
home; 65

The wood the same, from the same hand they come:
The kimbo handles seem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been serv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove: 70
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MEN. No more delays, vain boaster, but begin:
I prophesy before-hand I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme: 75
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a business of a high debate. 80

PAL. Sing then; the shade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
The blossoms blow; the birds on bushes sing;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damætas shall belong, 85
Mænalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove; 90

To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleffes, and he loves my fongs.

MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Mufe in-
spires;

And in her fongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of fhepherds and their fheep, 95
My blufhing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wifhes to be feen, before ſhe flies. }

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love; and fits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known fo well as he. }

DAM. To the dear miftrefs of my love-fick mind,
Her fwain a pretty prefent has defign'd:
I faw two ftock-doves billing, and ere long 105
Will take the neft, and hers ſhall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And flood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I fent Amyntas all my prefent ftore;
And will, to-morrow, fend as many more. 110

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe faid and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear!
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight, 115
To call you mine, when abſent from my fight!
I hold the nets, while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day: fend my Phillis home;
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come. 120

MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you: }
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue: }
Adieu, my dear, she said, a long adieu! }

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold; 125
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MEN. The kids with pleasure browse the bushy
plain,
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain:
To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree; 130
But more than all the world my love to me.

DAM. Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MEN. My Pollio writes himself; a bull he bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head. 135

DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse ad-
mires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill;
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.

MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be 140
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and spoil the
spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting. 145

MEN.

MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep,
The ground is false, the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook. 150

MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with
heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture
come!
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom. 155

MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look so
thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all
contains, 160
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me first, in what new region
springs
A flower that bears inscrib'd the names of kings:
And thou shalt gain a present as divine 165
As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PAL. So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the prize.

Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets and pleasing pains of love. 170
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

T H E
 F O U R T H P A S T O R A L,
 O R,
 P O L L I O.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
 Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes, 5
 Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
 Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
 From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
 A golden progeny from heaven descends: 10

O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains;
 And haste the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face!
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
 Majestic months fet out with him to their appointed
 race. 15

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
 By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
 The jarring nations he in peace shall bind, 20
 And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
 Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring
 And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
 As her first offerings to her infant king. }
 The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward
 speed, 25

And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
 His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd;
 The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground
 Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear,
 Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear. 30
 But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
 And form it to hereditary praise,
 Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
 And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn.
 The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep, 35
 And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall
 creep.

Yet,

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
 Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
 And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground, 40
 Another Typhis shall new seas explore,
 Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore.
 Another Helen other wars create,
 And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
 But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow, 45
 The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
 No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
 For every soil shall every product bear.
 The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
 No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook }
 the vine, 50 }
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
 And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat. 55
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
 See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain 60
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
 See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks ap-
 pear,

To

To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath pro-
long, 65

Infusing spirits worthy such a song;

Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,

Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;

Though each his heavenly parent should inspire;

The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the
lyre. 70

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,

Arcadian judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about

Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single
out;

Thy mother well deserves that short delight, 75

The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travel to
requite.

Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is read,

No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the
bed.

T H E

F I F T H P A S T O R A L.

O R,

D A P H N I S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Mopfus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopfus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

M E N A L C A S.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
 And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed.
 Why fit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
 Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPUS. Whether you pleaſe that ſylvan ſcene to
 take, 5
 Where whiffling winds uncertain ſhadows make:
 Or will you to the cooler cave ſucceed,
 Whoſe mouth the curling vines have overſpread?

M E N.

MEN. Your merit and your years command the
choice:

Amyntas only rivals you in voice. 10

MOPS. What will not that presuming shepherd
dare,

Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:

If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend, 15
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPS. Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:

I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain. 20

MEN. Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPS. No more, but sit and hear the promis'd
lay, 25

The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.

The nymphs about the breathless body wait

Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.

The trees and floods were witnesses to their tears:

At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears. 30

The wretched parent, with a pious haste,

Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, furious with despair,

She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:

Accusing all the gods, and every star. 35

The

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
 Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
 The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
 The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore, 40 }
 They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;
 The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar. }
 Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
 And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear;
 Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain; 45
 And holy revels for his reeling train.
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
 The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race. 50
 When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
 Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forsook:
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return; 55
 But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
 And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
 Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the
 plain;
 Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain. 60
 With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
 And softly let the running waters glide,
 A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
 With this inscription to record his praise:

Daphnis,

Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's love, 65
 Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
 Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
 But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

MEN. O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears, 70
 As to the weary swain with cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
 As to the ferv'rish traveller, when first
 He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.

In singing, as in piping, you excel; 75
 And scarce your master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young man! at least your lays
 Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
 Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
 To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine; 80
 For Daphnis was so good to love what'er was mine. }

MOPS. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
 For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
 And Stimichon has often made me long
 To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song. 85

MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wonder-
 dering eyes
 Views in the milky way the starry skies.
 And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
 Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
 For this, with chearful cries the woods resound; 90
 The purple spring arrays the various ground;
 The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan himself
 is crown'd. }

The

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
 Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:
 For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence 95
 His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.

The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

Affenting nature, with a gracious nod,
 Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God. 100

Be still propitious, ever good to thine;

Behold four hallow'd altars we design;

And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;

On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.

The holy priests, at each returning year, 105

Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;

And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will }
 cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,

The generous vintage of the Chian vine;

These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar }
 thine. 110

In winter shall the genial feast be made

Before the fire; by summer in the shade.

Damætas shall perform the rites divine:

And Liétian Ægon in the song shall join.

Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;

115

And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,

And when our fields with victims we survey:

While savage boars delight in shady woods,

And finny fish inhabit in the floods;

120

While

While bees on Thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
 Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
 Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
 To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.

Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou 125
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suplicants to their
 vow.

Mops. What present worth thy verse can Mopus
 find!

Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
 That play through trembling trees delight me more;
 Nor murmuring billows on the founding shore; 130
 Nor winding streams that through the valley glide;
 And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
 That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
 The same that sung Næra's conquering eyes;
 And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

Mops. Accept from me this sheephook, in exchange,
 The handle brass, the knobs in equal range;
 Antigones, with kisses often try'd
 'To beg this present in his beauty's pride; 140 }
 When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
 But what I could refuse to his request,
 Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

THE
S I X T H P A S T O R A L.

OR,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnafylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This Pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnafylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan
plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles sung;

Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed 5
 My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
 Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
 To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
 My Pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings;
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings. 10
 For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
 These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
 The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see,
 In every grove, and every vocal tree;
 And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee. 15 }
 Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
 Shall in the front of every page be shown;
 For he who sings thy praise, secures his own. }
 Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
 Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found. 20
 Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
 They found him snoring in his dark abode;
 And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god. }
 His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
 Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor. 25
 His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
 His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
 For, by the fraudulent god deluded long, 30
 They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
 Ægle came in, to make their party good;
 The fairest Nais of the neighbouring flood,

And, while he stares around, with stupid eyes,
 His brows with berries, and his temples dyes. 35
 He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
 On what design the boys had bound his hands.
 "Loose me," he cry'd, "'twas impudence to find
 "A sleeping god, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
 "To you the promis'd poem I will pay; 40
 "The nymph shall be rewarded in her way."
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a numerous throng
 Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
 And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts advanced,
 And nodding forests to the numbers danced. 45
 Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
 Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
 With deeper silence, or with more regard. }
 He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame, 50
 Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
 The tender soil then stiffening by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas.
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose; 55
 And a new sun to the new world arose.
 And mists condens'd to clouds obscure the sky;
 And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
 The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
 The lofty mountains feed the savage race, 60 }
 Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
 From thence the birth of man the song pursued,
 And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.

The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
 Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage. 65
 The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
 With whose repeated name the shores resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
 Happy for her if herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast? 70
 The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
 Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love.
 Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
 Though labouring yokes on their own necks they
 fear'd; 75
 And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
 heads rear'd. }
 Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood;
 While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
 Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent loves. 80
 Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
 And trace his wandering footsteps on the ground.
 But ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
 And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
 We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad; 85
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
 With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd:
 The sister's mourning for the brother's loss;
 Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss. 90
 How

How each a rising alder now appears :
 And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears.
 Then sung, how Gallus by a Muse's hand
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand.
 The senate, rising to salute their guest ; 95
 And Linus thus their gratitude express'd,
 Receive this present, by the Muses made ;
 The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd ;
 With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
 And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain. 100
 Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus ; and the wood
 Where once his fane of Parian marble stood.
 On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
 And with new numbers grace the God of verse.
 Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate, 105
 The first by love transform'd, the last by hate.
 A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
 With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts :
 What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
 The master frighted, and the mates devour'd. 110
 Then ravish'd Philomel the song express ;
 The crime reveal'd ; the sisters cruel feast :
 And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns ;
 The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
 While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan ; 115
 And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
 Whatever songs besides, the Delphian God
 Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
 Silenus sung : the vales his voice rebound,
 And carry to the skies the sacred sound. 120

And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unweary'd fire pursues the tuneful strain. }
Till unperceiv'd the heavens with stars were hung:
And sudden night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd song.

Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
 At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
 Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads, 15
 And shades his happy banks with bending reeds:
 And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
 How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.
 What should I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
 Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply, 20
 To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
 And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
 Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
 And I prefer'd my pleasure to my gains.
 Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose: 25
 These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

COR. Ye muses, ever fair, and ever young,
 Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
 With all my Codrus O inspire my breast,
 For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best. 30
 Or if my wishes have presum'd too high,
 And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
 The praise of artful numbers I resign:
 And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
 With ivy wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.
 Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
 Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
 Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
 Should poison or bewitch my growing song. 40

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
 (The first essay of arms untry'd before)

Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy power divine.

Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand; 45
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our
country fare,) }
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care. }
But if the falling lambs increase my fold, 50
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul. 55
Come when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws 60
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for shame: the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves. 65

COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
keep,
Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear,

THYR.

THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is
crown'd; 70

And firs for torches in the woods abound:

We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods with juniper and chefnuts
crown'd,

With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores
around. 75

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,

Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield. 80

But if returning Phyllis blefs the plain,

The grafs revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain. }

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;

The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn; 85

The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;

The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.

With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;

And while she loves that common wreath to wear,

Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall com-
pare. 90

THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;

In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:

But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,

And often visit our forsaken plains,

To him the towering ash shall yield in woods; 95
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. 100

T H E
E I G H T H P A S T O R A L.

O R,

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

This Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alpheibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopfus. The other repeats the charms of some Enchantress, who endeavoured, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes listening stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running
flood:

The hungry herd their needful food refuse; 5
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,

Whether

Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
 Whatever land or sea thy presence boast; 10
 Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
 In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
 Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
 The world another Sophocles in thee, 15
 Another Homer should behold in me:
 Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
 'Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew;
 Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew, 20
 When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel
 maid :

Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
 Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day? 25
 While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore;
 Witness, ye Powers, by whom she falsely swore!
 The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
 Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
 strain. 30

The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
 Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
 They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
 Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
 strain. 35

Mopfus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
 When fuch is Nifa's choice, what lover can defpair!
 Now griffons join with mares; another age
 Shall fee the hound and hind their thirft affwage
 Promifcuous at the fpring: prepare the lights, 40
 O Mopfus! and perform the bridal rites.

Scatter thy nuts among the fcrambling boys:
 Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
 For thee the fun declines: O happy fwain!
 Begin with me, my flute, the fweet Mænalian ftrain.

O, Nifa! juftly to thy choice condemn'd!
 Whom haft thou taken, whom haft thou contemn'd;
 For him, thou haft refus'd my browfing herd,
 Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my fhaggy beard.

Unhappy Damon fighs, and fings in vain: 50
 While Nifa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the fweet Mænalian
 ftrain. }

I view'd thee firft, how fatal was the view!
 And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
 High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning
 dew. 55 }

Then fcarce the bending branches I could win,
 The callow down began to cloath my chin;
 I faw, I perifh'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
 Begin with me, my flute, the fweet Mænalian ftrain.

I know thee, love; in defarts thou wert bred; 60
 And at the dugs of favage tigers fed:
 Alien of birth, ufurper of the plains:
 Begin with me, my flute, the fweet Mænalian ftrains.

Relentlefs

Relentless love the cruel mother led,
 'The blood of her unhappy babes to shed: 65
 Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
 Inhuman she; but more unhappy thou.
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

Old doting Nature, change thy course anew: 70
 And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
 Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
 And purple daffodils from alder shoot.
 Fat amber let the tamarisk distil:
 And hooting owls contend with swans in skill. 75
 Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods;
 And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.

Or, oh! let nature cease, and chaos reign:
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain,
 Let earth be sea; and let the whelming tide 80
 The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
 Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves,
 Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
 From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
 Take the last present of thy dying swain: 85 }
 And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian strain. }

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
 His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verse.
 Bring running water; bind those altars round
 With fillets; and with vervain strow the ground: 90
 Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
 To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires.

'Tis

'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Pale Phœbe, drawn by verſe from heaven deſcends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
Verſe fires the frozen veins: reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms. 100

Around his waxen image firſt I wind
'Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
'Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms, 105
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them ſtraight;
'Then ſay, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte; reſtore my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 110

As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn, 115
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the fulphur, ſay,
'This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
'This laurel is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms. 120

As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wandering love;

Faint

Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
 To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls:
 Careless of night, unmindful to return; 125
 Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn.

While I so scorn his love; restore my charms,
 My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

These garments once were his; and left to me;
 The pledges of his promis'd loyalty: 130
 Which underneath my threshold I bestow;
 These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
 As these were his, so mine is he: my charms,
 Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.

These poisonous plants, for magic use design'd, 135
 (The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)

Old Moeris brought me from the Pontic strand,
 And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
 Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain
 He howls a wolf among the hungry train: 140

And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
 With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts;
 And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
 Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.
 Such is the strength of spells: restore, my charms, 145
 My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook;
 Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
 Since neither gods, nor godlike verse can move,
 Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd
 love. 150

Exert your utmost power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,

The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!

Run to the threshold, Amaryllis; hark,

155

Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.

Good heaven! may lovers what they wish believe;

Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!

No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;

He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms. 160

THE
NINTH PASTORAL.

O R,

LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the Emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mæris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mæris! whither on thy way so fast?

This leads to town.

MÆR. O Lycidas, at last

The time is come I never thought to see,

(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

5

F 2

When

When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
 Cries out, Pack up, ye rascals! and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on 't we cou'd,
 And these two kids t' appease his angry mood
 I bear, of which the Furies give him good! 10

LYC. Your country friends were told another tale;
 That from the sloping mountain to the vale,
 And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
 Menalcas fav'd his fortune with a song.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed; but songs and
 rhymes
 Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
 As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
 Against an eagle fousing from the skies.
 And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak,
 Of an old raven, from a hollow oak, 20
 To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
 And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYC. Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage
 induce
 The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse!
 Who then should sing the nymphs, or who rehearse 25
 The waters gliding in a smoother verse!
 Or Amaryllis praise, that heavenly lay,
 That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
 O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
 To morning pastures, evening waters, led: 30
 And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.

MOER. Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read;

Thy

Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
 Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan towers,
 Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime,) 35
 The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd rhyme,
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
 Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
 So may thy swarms the baleful eugh avoid: 40
 So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
 And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
 At least, the shepherds seem to like my lays, 45
 But I discern their flattery from their praise:
 I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aspire;
 But gabble like a goose, amidst the swan-like quire.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
 Nor are the verses of a vulgar kind. 50
 Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake;
 What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse mur-
 murs make?

See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
 Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing;
 See, meads with purling streams, with flowers the
 ground, 55 }
 The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
 And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around. }
 Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

LYC. Or that sweet song I heard with such delight;
The same you sung alone one starry night;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOER. Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old
records,

To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies: 65
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender shoot;
Thy childrens children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time 70
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme:
I could have once sung down a summer's sun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day. 75
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYC. Thy faint excuses but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll silent to the shore.
Husht winds the topmost branches scarcely bend, 80
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour. 85
Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:

Or

Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

90

MOER. Cease to request me; let us mind our way;
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

95

THE

TENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of Pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

TH Y sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
 To crown my labour: 'tis the last I sing.
 Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
 'The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few.
 Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.

}
 5 }
 So

So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
 Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
 Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound, 10
 And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice re-
 bound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid, }
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
 To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid? }
 Nor steepy Pindus cou'd retard your course, 15
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:
 Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
 Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
 For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
 And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
 Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan; }
 When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone; }
 And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone. }
 The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
 Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise: 25
 Along the streams his flock Adonis fed;
 And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
 The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
 Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
 Wondering they ask'd from whence arose thy flame; 30
 Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
 Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
 Is she thy care? is she thy care? he cries.

Thy

Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
 And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
 The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency. }
 Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
 Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.
 Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
 His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue. 40
 Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
 Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd?
 The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews;
 The bees with flowery shrubs, the goats with browse.
 Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd: 45
 He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd.
 'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
 But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief:
 And on your hills my last complaints renew;
 So sad a song is only worthy you. 50
 How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
 If you my sufferings in your songs express?
 Ah! that your birth and business had been mine;
 To penn the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
 Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain. 55
 Or any nymph, or any shepherd on the plain,
 Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
 Are violets not sweet, because not fair?
 Beneath the fallows, and the shady vine,
 My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine; 60
 Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care.

Come,

Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
 The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true, 65
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
 Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
 And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
 While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
 To shun my fight, your native soil forego, 70
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal
 snow. }

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare;
 Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
 The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice,
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
 The rind of every plant her name shall know;
 And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
 Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace 80
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race.
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
 And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
 And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Par-
 thian bow: 85
 As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
 Or by my pains the God of love appease.
 My frenzy changes, I delight no more
 On mountain tops to chace the tusky boar;

No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
 Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods,
 adieu.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
 Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
 Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
 And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow. 95

Or when the barks of elms are scorched, we keep
 On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
 In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
 Love conquers all; and we must yield to love.
 My Muses, here your sacred raptures end: 100

The verse was what I ow'd my suffering friend.
 This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
 And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.

The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine:
 And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine. 105

Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
 Each hour, and every moment rise in view:
 As alders, in the spring, their boles extend;
 And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.

Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades 110
 The singer's voice who sings beneath the shades.

From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
 That blast the footy corn: the withering herbage kill; }
 Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd your }
 fill.

V I R G I L ' S

G E O R G I C S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your lordship, better than in the words of Virgil,

“ — Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
 “ Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.”

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy. But I considered, that nothing which my meanness could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world for want of
 5 that

that protection, of which he had so long been ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, though he much desired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that under her protection he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence I present myself before your lordship, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it at about the age of thirty-five; and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is observed both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his First and Second Book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the Third. After
which

which his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his Fourth by slow degrees, and in his Satires and Epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line, than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases: his succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age, but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

“*Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.*”

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehension of all things which are within the

compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive, and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said: but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested. A clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject: for you leave in us an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there before-hand, and he only saved himself the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at first, that there may not

too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends who stand about you are not only sensible of a chearful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dulness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his Third Georgic, when he describes a colt, who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shews him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and

measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

“ *Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori.*”

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both, with a softness of manners, and a sweetness of conversation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

“ *Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est.*”

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shews the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have
laughed

laughed sometimes (for who would always be an Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness they said was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease: they saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy; they would have more, and laid in to make their solitude luxurious. A wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of present choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and indured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country

when it was in need of his courage and conduct, until he thought it was time to serve himself: but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restiff and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore though you were formed alike, for the greatest of civil employments, and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either; but contented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. It is necessary for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated; and he recovers not his losses, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining sinile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes

it because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures. For almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life: and the danger is the less when we are young; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher with the hazards of the fall. “*Res non parva labore, sed relicta,*” was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? let him venture, says Horace, “*qui zonam perdidit.*” He who has nothing, plays securely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer: if he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play, and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom, The odds are

againſt him, that he loſes; and one loſs may be of more conſequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the preſent war of the Chriſtians againſt the Turk; every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they loſe a province at a blow, and endanger the ſafety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leiſure of thinking, but the pleaſure to think of nothing which can diſcompoſe your mind. A good conſcience is a port which is land-locked on every ſide, and where no winds can poſſibly invade, no tempeſts can ariſe. There a man may ſtand upon the ſhore, and not only ſee his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undiſturbed and ſilent waters. Reaſon was intended for a bleſſing, and ſuch it is to men of honour and integrity; who deſire no more than what they are able to give themſelves; like the happy old Cori-cyan, whom my author deſcribes in his Fourth Georgic; whoſe fruits and fallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil ſeems to think that the bleſſings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

“ O fortunatos nimiùm, bona ſi ſua norint,
 “ Agricolas!”

It is but half poſſeſſion not to underſtand that happineſs which we poſſeſs: a foundation of good ſenſe, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a ſeaſoning

seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestowed on your lordship the first of these, and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

“ *Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.*”

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your lordship's

most devoted, and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE
 F I R S T B O O K
 O F T H E
 G E O R G I C S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addressess himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
 The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
 The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
 And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;

The

The birth and genius of the frugal bee, 5
 I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
 Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
 Bacchus and fostering Ceres, Powers divine,
 Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine: 10
 Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural swains,
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the
 plains,

Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
 Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
 And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth, 15
 And made a passage for the courser's birth;
 And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
 The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
 And thou, the shepherds tutelary god,
 Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode: 20
 And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
 From fields and mountains to my song repair.

Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
 'Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil;
 And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress
 rear; 25 }

Come all ye gods and goddeses that wear
 The rural honours, and increase the year.
 You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
 And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state 30
 Is yet the business of the gods debate;

Whether

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
 The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
 Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
 And the round circuit of the year to guide; 35
 Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
 And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
 Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign;
 To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
 Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray, 40
 Ev'n utmost Thulè shall thy power obey;
 And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
 The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
 And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
 Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays, 45
 And, seated near the Balance, poise the days:
 Where in the void of heaven a space is free,
 Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
 The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
 Yields half his region, and contracts his claws. 50
 Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain,
 For let not hell presume of such a reign;
 Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
 Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
 Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat, 55
 Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
 And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
 Prefers the fields below to those above.
 But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide my course,
 And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force, 60
 Pity

Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
 Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
 And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our
 prayers.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds; 65
 While mountain-snows dissolve against the sun,
 And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
 Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
 And goad him till he groans beneath his toil, 70
 Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.

That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
 Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
 And bursts the crowded barns, with more than pro-
 mis'd gains.

But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground, 75
 The various course of seasons must be found;
 The weather, and the setting of the winds,
 The culture suiting to the several kinds
 Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the genius of the soil denies. 80

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
 India, black ebon and white ivory bears; 85
 And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
 Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.

Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
 (In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds. 90
 This is th' original contract; these the laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
 On fundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
 His mother's entrails on the desart world:
 Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born. 95 }
 Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
 And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn. }
 That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
 Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
 But if the soil be barren, only fear 100
 The surface, and but lightly print the share,
 When cold Arcturus rises with the sun:
 Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
 In watery soils; or lest the barren sand
 Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land. 105
 Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
 And keeps a sabbath of alternate years:
 That the spent earth may gather heat again;
 And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
 At least, where vetches, pulse, and tares have stood,
 And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood),
 Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the golden year.
 For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
 And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield. 115
 But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
 Make easy labour, and renew the soil.

Yet

Yet sprinkle fordid ashes all around,
 And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
 Thus change of feeds for meagre soils is best; 120
 And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
 With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
 When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
 Is driven along, and crackles in the wind. 125
 Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
 Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
 Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
 Redundant humours through the pores expire;
 Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes 130
 New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes;
 Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
 New knits the surface, and new strings the veins,
 Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret seat,
 Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat; 135 }
 Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,
 Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
 The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
 Regards his labours with a grudging eye; 140
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd grounds,
 And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
 For he with frequent exercise commands
 'Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains, invoke the Powers who rule the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry:

For

For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
 Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
 Of Gargarus admire their happy crops. 150
 When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
 Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
 So fenc'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
 Before the furlly clod resists the rake.
 And call the floods from high, to rush amain 155
 With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
 Then when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
 And shrivel'd herbs on withering stems decay,
 The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
 Undams his watery stores, huge torrents flow; 160
 And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
 Tempering the thirsty fever of the field.
 And lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
 Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
 Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade 165
 The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade;
 Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
 O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
 And drains the standing waters, when they yield
 Too large a beverage to the drunken field. 170
 But most in autumn, and the showery spring,
 When dubious months uncertain weather bring:
 When fountains open, when impetuous rain
 Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
 When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er, 175
 Or hollow places spue their watery store.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring steer,
 Sustain alone the hazards of the year;
 But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
 With foreign troops, invade the tender grain: 180
 And towering weeds malignant shadows yield;
 And spreading fuccory chokes the rising field.
 The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
 Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease:
 And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil, 185
 Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil.
 Himself invented first the shining share,
 And whetted human industry by care:
 Himself did handy-crafts and arts ordain,
 Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign. 190
 Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
 Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
 No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
 Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
 But all was common, and the fruitful earth 195
 Was free to give her unexact'd birth.
 Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
 And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood:
 Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
 And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold. 200
 Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
 And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
 That studious need might useful arts explore;
 From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store:
 And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire 205
 The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.

Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
 Then sailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
 For every fix'd and every wandering star:
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car. 210
 Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found,
 And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround:
 And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
 Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
 Then saws were tooth'd, and founding axes made
 (For wedges first did yielding wood invade);
 And various arts in order did succeed.
 (What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)

First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
 And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough, 220
 When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
 Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit deny'd.
 Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
 And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
 Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
 And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
 Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
 Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
 And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
 And shoots its head above the shining ears. 230
 So that unless the land with daily care
 Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
 Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
 And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
 Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain, 235
 And heaven invoc'd with vows for fruitful rain,

On other crops you may with envy look,
 And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
 Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
 Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field: 240
 Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
 The crooked plough, the share, the towering height
 Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
 The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail, 245
 The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail.
 These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
 The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
 Young elms with early force in copses bow,
 Fit for the figure of the crooked plough. 250
 Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare,
 On either side the head produce an ear,
 And sink a socket for the shining share. }
 Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
 Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke. 255
 I could be long in precepts, but I fear
 So mean a subject might offend your ear.
 Delve of convenient depth your thrashing-floor:
 With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
 And let the weighty roller run the round, 260
 To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
 Lest crack'd with summer heats the flooring flies,
 Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
 For sundry foes the rural realms surround:
 The field-mouse builds her garner under ground, 265
 For

For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
 In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
 In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
 The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
 The corn-devouring weazel here abides, 270
 And the wise ant her wintry store provides.

Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
 If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
 The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
 Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain. 275
 But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
 Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
 In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor,
 For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
 Some steep their feed, and some in cauldrons boil 280
 With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
 O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
 And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
 Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
 Though chosen is the feed, and fully cur'd; 285
 Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
 Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
 Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
 So the boat's brawny crew the current stem, 290
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
 When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise, 295

Than failors homeward bent, who cut their way
 Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea,
 But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
 Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain; 300
 Till cold December comes with driving rain.

Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
 In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
 Sow beans and clover in a rotten foil,
 And millet, rising from your annual toil: 305
 When with his golden horns, in full career,
 The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
 And Argos and the Dog forsake the northern sphere. }

But if your care to wheat alone extend,
 Let Maia with her sisters first descend, 310
 And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend; }
 Before you trust in earth your future hope:
 Or else expect a listless lazy crop.

Some swains have sown before, but most have found
 A husky harvest, from the grudging ground. 315

Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
 'The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean!
 Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
 Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
 For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides 320
 The year, and earth in several climes divides.

Five girdles bind the skies, the torrid zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing sun.
 Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
 To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given. 325

Betwixt

Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
 Two habitable seats for human kind:
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
 Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise 330
 O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies.
 The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl'd
 Below the regions of the nether world.
 Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And like a winding stream the Bears divides; 335
 The Less and Greater, who by Fate's decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea;
 There, as they say, perpetual night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
 Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere, 340
 She lights the downward heaven, and rises there.
 And when on us she breathes the living light,
 Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
 From hence uncertain seasons we may know;
 And when to reap the grain, and when to sow; 345
 Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.
 Observe what stars arise or disappear;
 And the four quarters of the rolling year.
 But when cold weather, and continued rain, 350
 The labouring husband in his house restrain,
 Let him forecast his work with timely care,
 Which else is huddled when the skies are fair:
 Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining
 share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er 355
 His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
 Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
 The fallow twigs to tye the straggling vine;
 Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
 Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn. 360
 No laws, divine or human, can restrain
 From necessary works the labouring swain.
 Ev'n holy-days and feasts permission yield,
 To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
 To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep 365
 In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
 And oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
 To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
 Returning late, and loaden home with gain
 Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain. 370
 The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
 For labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun:
 That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
 And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
 With mountains piled on mountains, thrice they 375
 strove
 To scale the steepy battlements of Jove:
 And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
 And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
 The seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
 Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine. 380
 Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the west:
 The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft,

Some

Some works in dead of night are better done;
 Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
 Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light, 385
 Which both require the coolness of the night;
 For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
 Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
 The wife and husband equally conspire
 To work by night, and rake the winter fire: 390
 He sharpens torches in the glimmering room;
 She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom:
 Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
 With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
 And till the watchful cock awakes the day, 395
 She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
 But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
 By day-light reap the product of the year:
 And in the sun your golden grain display,
 And thrash it out, and winnow it by day. 400
 Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land,
 For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
 In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
 Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
 The farmer to full bowls invites his friends, 405
 And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
 So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
 First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
 Yet that 's the proper time to thrash the wood
 For mast of oak, your fathers' homely food. 410
 To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
 Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil.

For

For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare,
T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare.

With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow, 415
To persecute from far the flying doe.

Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice came rolling down the
flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs }
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days; 420 }
And suns declining shine with feeble rays: }

What cares must then attend the toiling swain; }
Or when the lowering spring, with lavish rain, }
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain, }
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd 425
With milky moisture, overlooks the field!

Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands: 430

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne;
With such a force the flying rack is driven, 435

And such a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown. 440

The

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
 The rising rivers float the nether ground;
 And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas re-
 bound.

The Father of the Gods his glory shrouds;
 Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds. 445

And from the middle darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.

Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
 Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode: 450

Deep horror seizes every human breast,
 Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd:
 While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
 And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
 The rocks are from their old foundations rent; 455

The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
 The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
 And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
 Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins. 460

But first to heaven thy due devotions pay,
 And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.

When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
 Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flowers.
 On the green turf thy careless limbs display, 465
 And celebrate the mighty mother's day.

For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
 And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:

With

With milder beams the sun securely shines;
 Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines. 470
 Let every swain adore her power divine,
 And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
 Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
 In long processions, shouting as they go;
 Invoking her to bless their yearly stores, 475
 Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
 Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
 Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
 On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
 With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind: 480
 On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
 With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
 And that by certain signs we may presage
 Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
 The Sovereign of the heavens has set on high 485
 The moon, to mark the changes of the sky:
 When southern blasts shall cease, and when the swain
 Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
 For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
 The working seas advance to wash the shore: 490
 Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
 And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods:
 Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
 From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
 When crying cormorants forsake the sea, 495
 And, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
 When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
 When watchful herons leave their watery stand;
 And

And mounting upward with erected flight,
 Gain on the skies, and soar above the fight. 500
 And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
 The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
 And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
 With sweeping glories, and long trails of light :
 And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around, 505
 And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground ;
 And floating feathers on the waters play.
 But when the winged thunder takes his way
 From the cold north, and east and west engage,
 And at their frontiers meet with equal rage, 510
 The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
 The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
 And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies: 515
 The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales :
 The cow looks up, and from afar can find
 The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind.
 The swallow skims the river's watery face, 520
 The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
 The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
 And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
 At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
 Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food, 525 }
 And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
 Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
 That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools :

The

The swans that sail along the silver flood,
 And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
 Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
 And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
 The crow, with clamorous cries, the shower demands,
 And single stalks along the desert sands.
 The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies, 535
 Foresees the storms impending in the skies,
 When sparkling lamps their sputtering light advance,
 And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.

Then after showers, 'tis easy to descry
 Returning suns, and a serener sky: 540
 The stars shine smarter, and the moon adorns,
 As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
 The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
 Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
 Their litter is not tofs'd by fows unclean, 545
 But a blue drougthy mist descends upon the plain.
 And owls, that mark the setting-sun, declare
 A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
 Towering aloft, avenging Nifus flies,
 While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies. 550
 Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
 Swift Nifus follows, and pursues his prey.
 Where injur'd Nifus takes his airy course,
 Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
 This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid, 555
 And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
 Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
 And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.

Then,

Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
 To greet the sun: and seiz'd with secret joy, 560
 When storms are over-blown, with food repair
 To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
 Not that I think their breasts with heavenly souls
 Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls;
 But with the changeful temper of the skies, 565
 As rains condense, and sunshine rarifies;
 So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
 Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
 From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
 From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs rejoice.
 Observe the daily circle of the sun,
 And the short year of each revolving moon:
 By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
 Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
 When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds 575
 Her silver crescent, tipp'd with sable clouds;
 Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
 And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
 Or if her face with fiery flushing glow,
 Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow. 580
 But four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)
 With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine;
 Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
 Till her revolving race be wholly run,
 Are void of tempests both by land and sea. 585
 And sailors in the port their promis'd vows shall pay.
 Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
 Foretels the change of weather in the skies;

For,

For, if he rise, unwilling to his race,
 Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face; 590
 Or if through mists he shoots his fullen beams,
 Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams:
 Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
 Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
 Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes, 595
 And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies,
 How shall the vine, with tender leaves defend
 Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend;
 When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
 To bar the ruin of the rattling hail? 600
 But, more than all, the setting-sun survey,
 When down the steep of heaven he gives the day.
 For oft we find him finishing his race
 With various colours erring on his face;
 If fiery red his glowing globe descends, 605
 High winds and furious tempests he portends:
 But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
 He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
 If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
 And streak'd with red a troubled colour show; 610
 That fullen mixture shall at once declare
 Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
 What desperate madmen then would venture o'er
 The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
 But if with purple rays he brings the light. 615
 And a pure heaven resigns to quiet night.

No

No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh:
 But northern breezes through the forest fly,
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.
 Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares,
 What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
 And when the south projects a stormy day,
 And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.

620

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
 And who dares give the source of light the lye? 625
 The change of empires often he declares,
 Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
 He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,
 And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.
 In iron clouds conceal'd the public light; 630
 And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
 Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
 Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
 And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd. 635
 What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
 From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
 What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
 Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
 Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below, 640
 And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
 Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
 And voices heard of more than mortal men.
 In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
 And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook: 645

The

The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyfs of hell:
 The weeping ftatues did the wars foretel;
 And holy fwheat from brazen idols fell. }
 Then rifing in his might, the king of floods
 Rufh'd through the forefts, tore the lofty woods; 650
 And rolling onward, with a fwweepy fway,
 Bore houfes, herds, and labouring hinds away.
 Blood fprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by
 night,

And boding victims did the priests affright.

Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high, 655

Nor forky lightnings fafh'd from fuch a fullen fky.

Red meteors ran acrofs th' ethereal fpace;

Stars difappear'd, and comets took their place.

For this, th' Emathian plains once more were ftrow'd

With Roman bodies, and juft heaven thought good }
 To fatten twice thofe fields with Roman blood.

Then, after length of time, the labouring fwains,

Who turn the turfs of thofe unhappy plains,

Shall rufty piles from the plough'd furrows take,

And over empty helmets pafs the rake. 665

Amaz'd at antique titles on the ftones,

And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!

Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,

Goddeffs unmov'd! whofe guardian arms extend 670

O'er Tufcan Tiber's courfe, and Roman towers defend;

With youthful Cæfar your joint powers engage,

Nor hinder him to fave the finking age.

O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
 For the past crimes of curst Laomedon! 675
 Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
 Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below:
 Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
 Where impious arms from every part resound,
 And monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd. }
 The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
 The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest:
 The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
 The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
 And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms, 685
 And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
 The neighbouring cities range on several sides,
 Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides. }
 So four fierce coursers starting to the race, 690
 Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
 Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
 But force along the trembling charioteer,

THE
S E C O N D B O O K
O F T H E
G E O R G I C S.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument, the Poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous
vines:

The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Great

Great father Bacchus! to my song repair; 5
 For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
 For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
 And the last blessings of the year are thine;
 To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
 When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows. 10
 Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
 Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore,
 Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
 For some without the pains of planting grow.
 With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound, 15
 Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
 From the same principle gray willows come;
 Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
 But some from seeds inclos'd in earth arise;
 For thus the mastful chestnut mates the skies. 20
 Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
 Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
 Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
 Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
 Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows, 25
 Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
 These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
 For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
 Others there are, by late experience found:
 Some cut the shoot, and plant in furrow'd ground; 30
 Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold:
 Some cloven stakes, and (wondrous to behold),
 Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
 And the dry poles produce a living race.

Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain, 35
Their tops in distant arches rise again.

Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head. 40

'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gardener mark with care 45
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each several tree;
And known, improve with artful industry;
And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground. 50
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the several soils I sing.
Macenas, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown, 55
Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace: 60
Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.

Nor will I tire thy patience with a train 65
 Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
 The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair:
 Because the vigour of the native earth
 Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth. 70
 Yet these, receiving grafts of other kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind;
 Their wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's part,
 Obey the rules and discipline of art.
 The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots 75
 In open fields, transplanted bear their fruits.
 For where they grow, the native energy
 Turns all into the substance of the tree,
 Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade. 80
 The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree
 At leisure grows, for late posterity;
 The generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
 And savage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
 Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame 85
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
 Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
 New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
 By the same methods Paphian myrtles live: 90 }
 But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
 From roots hard hazles, and from cyons rise
 Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies;

Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep. 95

The thin-leav'd arbut, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chefnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed 100
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows; 105
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,

Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the smoother bole from knots is free, 110

We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip inclose,
The battening bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies. 115

The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd, 120
So funeral cypress rising like a shroud.
Fat olive-trees of sundry forts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.

Radd long olives, Orchites round produce,
 And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice. 125
 Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears :
 Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
 Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
 Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.
 The Thasian vines in richer soils abound, 130
 The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
 The Pnythian grape we dry : Lagæan juice
 Will stammering tongues and staggering feet produce.
 Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind
 Of golden some, and some of purple rind. 135
 How shall I praise the Ræthean grape divine,
 Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
 Th' Aminean many a consulship survives,
 And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
 Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth : 140
 But for large quantities and lasting both,
 The less Argitis bears the prize away.
 The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
 In second services is pour'd to Jove ;
 And best accepted by the gods above. 145
 Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
 In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
 I pass the rest, whose every race and name,
 And kinds, are less material to my theme.
 Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands, 150
 Driven by the western wind on Lybian lands ;
 Or number, when the blustering Eurus roars,
 The billows beating on Ionian shores.

Nor

Nor every plant on every foil will grow:
 The fallow loves the watery ground, and low; 155
 The marshes, alders; Nature seems t' ordain
 The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;
 The baleful yeugh to northern blasts assigns;
 To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
 Regard th' extremest cultivated coast, 160
 From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:
 All sorts of trees their several countries know;
 Black ebon only will in India grow; }
 And odorous frankincense on the Sabæan bough. }
 Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins 165
 Of happy shrubs, in Idumæan plains.
 The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
 With Ethiops hoary trees and wooly wood,
 Let others tell: and how the Seres spin
 Their fleecy forests in a slender twine. 170
 With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
 Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
 Shot from the toughest bow; and by the brawn
 Of expert archers with vast vigour drawn,
 Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce: 175
 Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice:
 A cordial fruit, a present antidote
 Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught:
 Who, mixing wicked deeds with words impure,
 The fate of envy'd orphans would procure. 180
 Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
 And did it not a different scent disclose,

A laurel

A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
 The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
 With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath 185
 New lungs, and cure the founess of the breath.

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
 Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
 Nor Baëtria, nor the richer Indian fields,
 Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields; 190
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
 Can with sweet Italy contend in fame. }

No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
 Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
 Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear. 195

But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
 And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
 Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.

The warrior-horse, here bred, is taught to train: 200
 There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
 Whose waves for triumphs after prosperous war,
 The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.

Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees; 205
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees. }

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
 Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
 Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd. 210
 Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
 Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
 Their costly labour, and stupendous frame :
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below 215
 See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
 Our two-fold seas, that, washing either side,
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
 Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
 Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex. 220
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
 Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
 Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the fence;
 There, where secure the Julian waters glide, 225
 Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
 Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
 Hence rose the Marfian and Sabellian race: 230
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
 And Volscians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
 Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came 235
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
 And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms:
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home. 240
 Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
 Great Parent, greater of illustrious men,

For

For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
 And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days:
 Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring, 245
 And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.

The nature of their several soils now see,
 Their strength, their colour, their fertility:
 And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
 Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound; 250
 Where the poor soil all succour seems to want,
 Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.

Undoubted signs of such a soil are found,
 For here wild olive shoots o'erspread the ground,
 And heaps of berries strew the fields around. 255

But where the soil, with fattening moisture fill'd,
 Is cloath'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd;
 Such as in chearful vales we view from high;
 Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
 And feed with ooze, where rising hillocks run 260

In length, and open to the southern sun;
 Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough,
 That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
 Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
 And overflow the vats with friendly juice; 265

Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
 To gods, the givers of the chearful hour;
 Then when the bloated Thufcan blows his horn,
 And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care, 270
 Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,

Then

Then seek Tarentum's lawns and farthest coast,
 Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost:
 Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
 And graze the floating herbage of the flood, 275
 There crystal streams perpetual tenour keep,
 Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep.
 For what the day devours, the nightly dew
 Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
 Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough, 280
 Putrid and loose above, and black below;
 For ploughing is an imitative toil,
 Resembling nature in an easy soil.
 No land for seed like this, no fields afford
 So large an income to the village-lord! 285
 No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
 So late at night, so heavy laden home.
 The like of forest land is understood,
 From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood, }
 Which had for length of ages idle stood. 290 }
 Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
 And flying from their nests their callow young forget.
 The coarse lean gravel on the mountain sides,
 Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
 Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
 That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
 The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
 Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews:
 Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
 Well cloath'd with chearful grass, and ever green,

Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
 Embracing husband elms, in amorous twines!
 Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
 And equal to the pasture and the plough.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields, 305
 Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields;
 And such a country could Acerra boast,
 Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast,
 I teach thee next the differing soils to know;
 The light for vines, the heavier for the plough. 310
 Choose first a place for such a purpose fit,
 There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit.
 Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
 And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
 Then if it rise not to the former height 315
 Of superface, conclude that soil is light:
 A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
 But if the fullen earth, so press'd, repines,
 Within its native mansion to retire,
 And stays without, a heap of heavy mire; 320
 'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
 Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
 Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
 Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd 325
 From their first flavorful taste, renounce their kind.
 This truth by sure experiment is try'd:
 For first an osier colander provide
 Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants twine,
 When through strait passages they strain their wine); 330

In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
 But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first:
 Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
 And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.
 The fatter earth by handling we may find, 335
 With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
 Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
 Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
 Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
 Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth. 340
 Let not my land so large a promise boast,
 Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
 The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
 The lighter in the poised hand is weigh'd:
 'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight, 345
 The colour of the soil, and black from white.
 But the cold ground is difficult to know,
 Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show;
 Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yeugh. }
 These rules consider'd well, with early care 350
 The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
 But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
 With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
 The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
 For putrid earth will best in vineyards take, 355
 And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
 Of delving hinds will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
 Of the same soil their nursery prepare,

With

With that of their plantation; lest the tree
 Translated, should not with the soil agree. 360
 Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
 The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;
 And to the north or south restore the side,
 Which at their birth did heat or cold abide. 365
 So strong is custom, such effects can use
 In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
 On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
 If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice, 370
 Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
 In close plantations there. But if the vine
 On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
 Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
 Opening thy ranks and files on either side: 375
 But marshal'd all in order as they stand,
 And let no soldier straggle from his band.
 As legions in the field their front display,
 To try the fortune of some doubtful day.
 And move to meet their foes with sober pace, 380
 Strict to their figure, though in wider space;
 Before the battle joins; while from afar
 The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
 And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
 Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword; 385
 So let thy vines in intervals be set,
 But not their rural discipline forget:
 Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
 That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:

Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight, 390
 And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:
 But for the ground itself, this only way
 Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
 Which, crowded, want the room their branches to }
 display.

How deep they must be planted, would'st thou know?
 In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
 Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
 That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
 Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
 And, next the lower skies, a bed profound: 400
 High as his topmast boughs to heaven ascend,
 So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.

Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
 His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
 For length of ages lasts his happy reign, 405
 And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
 Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
 His shade protects the plains, his head the hills com- }
 mands,

The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun; 410
 Nor plant it to receive the setting sun:
 Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
 Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
 Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
 For sparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands, 415
 Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
 And after spread abroad by raging winds.

For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
 Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
 At length victorious to the top aspires, 420
 Involving all the wood in smoky fires,
 But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
 Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
 In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
 Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise: 425
 Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
 But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful
 plain.

Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
 To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
 When winter frosts constrain the field with cold, 430
 The fainty root can take no steady hold.
 But when the golden spring reveals the year,
 And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
 That season deem the best to plant thy vines,
 Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines; 435
 Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
 Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
 The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
 For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours 440
 Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;
 And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
 Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
 And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love. 445

Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
 And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
 Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose. }
 With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
 The grass securely springs above the ground; 450
 The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
 And on the faith of the new sun relies.
 The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail
 Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail.
 They spread their gems the genial warmth to share, 455
 And boldly trust the buds in open air.
 In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
 The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king: }
 In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
 Then did the new creation first appear; 460
 Nor other was the tenour of the year:
 When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
 And eastern winds their wintery breath suspend:
 Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
 And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds: 465
 And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
 And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
 Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
 Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
 But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd, 470
 The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
 When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
 And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.

For what remains, in depth of earth secure
 Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure; 475
 And

And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
 For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
 Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
 And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
 Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way, 480 }
 A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
 And press the plants with shreds of potters clay. }
 This fence against immoderate rain they found:
 Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
 Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot, 485
 With store of earth around to feed the root;
 With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
 The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
 Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
 Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row 490
 To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
 On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
 On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
 Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
 They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
 On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
 But in their tender nonage, while they spread
 Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
 And upward while they shoot in open air,
 Indulge their childhood, and the nurseling spare. 500
 Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
 But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
 And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
 To strip the branches of their leafy growth:

But when the rooted vines, with steady hold, 505
 Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
 To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
 The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous growth with rigour tame. 510
 Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
 Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
 While yet the tender germs but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;

Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey, 515
 But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;

And, worse than both, become th' unworthy browse, }
 Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows. }

For not December's frost that burns the boughs, }
 Nor Dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks; }
 Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the }
 stocks. }

For this the malefactor goat was laid
 On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At Athens thus old comedy began, 525
 When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
 In country villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays:
 And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
 Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil. 530
 Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
 In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:

With

With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
 Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
 In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine, 535 }
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine; }
 And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine: }
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
 In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
 On whate'er side he turns his honest face, 540
 And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
 To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
 And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
 Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
 Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought; 545
 Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
 And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
 To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
 Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
 For thrice, at least, in compass of a year, 550
 Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
 To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
 To break the clods, and make the surface plain:
 T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
 That suck the vital moisture of the vine. 555
 Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
 And the year rolls within itself again.
 Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
 From vines the hairy honours of their head,
 Not then the drudging hind his labour ends, 560
 But to the coming year his care extends:

Ev'n then the naked vine he perfecutes;
 His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
 Be first to dig the ground, be first to burn
 The branches lopt, and first the props return 565
 Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
 But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
 Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
 Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
 Hard labour both! commend the large excess 570
 Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
 Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
 Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
 Remain to cut; for vineyards useful found,
 To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground. }
 Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound; }
 When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free, }
 When husbands have survey'd the last degree, }
 And utmost files of plants, and order'd every tree; }
 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content, 580
 Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
 Yet still they find a future task remain;
 To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
 And after all, their joys are unsincere,
 While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear. 585
 Quite opposite to these are olives found,
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
 No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
 Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
 The soil itself due nourishment supplies: 590
 Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise:

Content with small endeavours till they spring,
 Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
 Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
 Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air;
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Not trusting foreign forces, but their own;
 Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches
 groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush, 600
 Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush;
 Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the towering height
 Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.

And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
 'To sow, to set, and to reform their growth? 605
 To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
 Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.

Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
 And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
 Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees: 610
 Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.

How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
 With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
 Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
 Seems for retreat of heavenly Muses made! 615

But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
 That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
 Ev'n old Caucasian rocks with trees are spread,
 And wear green forests on their hilly head.

Though

Though bending from the blast of eastern storms, 620
 Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms;
 Yet heaven their various plants for use designs:
 For houses cedars, and for shipping pines.

Cypress provides for spokes, and wheels of wains:
 And all for keels of ships that scour the watery plains.

Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
 The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives:
 From cornels javelins; and the tougher yeugh
 Receives the bending figure of a bow.

Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
 Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
 Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease }
 invade.

Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
 And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.

Now balance, with these gifts the fumy joys 635
 Of wine, attended with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs train,
 Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were
 slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state!

The swain, who, free from business and debate 640
 Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
 And just returns of cultivated land!

No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
 T' admit the tides of early visitants,

With eager eyes devouring, as they pass, 645
 The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.

No

No statues threaten from high pedestals;
 No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
 With antic vests; which, through their shady fold,
 Betray the streaks of ill-diffembled gold. 650

He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
 With purple poison of Assyrian pride.

No costly drugs of Araby defile,
 With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil.

But easy quiet, a secure retreat. 655

A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
 With home-bred plenty the rich owner blefs,
 And rural pleasures crown his happiness.

Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
 The country king his peaceful realm enjoys: 660

Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
 Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;

And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
 And after toilsome days a soft repose at night.

Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound; 665

And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
 Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare,

Nor venerable age is wanting there,

In great examples to the youthful train:

Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane. 670

From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
 The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,

My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;

Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear, 675

Would you your Poet's first petition hear;

Give

Give me the ways of wandering stars to know:
 The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
 Teach me the various labours of the moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun. 680

Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
 And in what dark recess they shrink again.
 What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.

But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
 Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
 Of nature and unclouded fields of light;
 My next desire is, void of care and strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life. 685 }

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
 A winding valley, and a lofty wood. 690

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
 Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
 Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
 Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down: 695
 Or lead me to some solitary place,
 And cover my retreat from human race.

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
 Through known effects can trace the secret cause.
 His mind possessing in a quiet state,
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate. 700

And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
 Of sylvans and adores the rural powers:
 Whose mind, unmov'd the bribes of courts can see;
 Their glittering baits and purple slavery. 705

Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
 Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
 Will set up one, or pull another down. }

Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of tumults and descents, and distant war: 710

Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
 Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
 Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
 He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord, 715
 The willing ground and laden trees afford.

From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
 The Senate's mad decrees he never saw;
 Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law. }
 Some to the seas and some to camps resort, 720
 And some with impudence invade the court.

In foreign countries others seek renown;
 With wars and taxes others waste their own,
 And houses burn, and household gods deface,
 To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase: 725
 To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds,
 And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
 This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
 Hovering and brooding on his bury'd store.

Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire, 730
 Of public speeches, which worse fools admire.
 While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
 Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.

Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
 Have slain their brothers, or their country sold; 735
 And

And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are supply'd:
Enough remains for household charge beside;
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.

740 }

745

Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield;
A crop so plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
abroad.

Thus every several season is employ'd:
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.

750

The yearning ewes prevent the springing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:

'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.

The winter comes, and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast.

755

Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.

His cares are cas'd with intervals of bliss;

His little children climbing for a kiss,

760

Welcome their father's late return at night;

His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.

His kine, with swelling udders, ready stand,

And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.

His

His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd, 765
 Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
 Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
 To rural Powers a just oblation pays;
 And on the green his careless limbs displays. }
 The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen, round 770
 The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
 He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
 The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies;
 And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes. }
 Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil, 775
 And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
 So Remus and his brother god were bred:
 From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose. 780
 Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
 (The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
 Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that compass all the world contains.
 Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies, 785
 When beasts were only slain for sacrifice;
 While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
 Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword:
 Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
 Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death; 790
 The good old god his hunger did assuage
 With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
 But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
 'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

T H E

T H I R D B O O K

O F T H E

G E O R G I C S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

This Book begins with the invocation of some rural Deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

TH Y fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
 And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse.
 Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
 Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.

All

All other themes that careless minds invite, 5
 Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
 Bofiris' altars, and the dire decrees
 Of hard Eueftheus, every reader fees:
 Hylas the boy, Latona's erring ifle,
 And Pelops' ivory foulder, and his toil 10
 For fair Hippodame, with all the reft
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are exprest;
 New ways I muft attempt, my groveling name
 To raife aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I, firft of Romans, fhall in triumph come 15
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
 With foreign fpoils adorn my native place;
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian ftone a temple will I raife,
 Where the flow Mincius through the valley ftrays: 20
 Where cooling ftreams invite the flocks to drink:
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midft fhall mighty Cæfar ftand:
 Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown, 25
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown)
 A hundred courfers from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race fhall ftrove.
 All Grece fhall flock from far, my games to fee;
 The whorlbat and the rapid race fhall be 30
 Referv'd for Cæfar, and ordain'd by me.
 Myfelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
 Ev'n now methinks the public fhouts I hear;
 The paffing pageants and the poms appear.

I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
 The sacrifice and sacrificers view;
 From thence return, attended with my train,
 Where the proud theatres disclose the scene:
 Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
 And shew the triumph which their shame displays. 40
 High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
 The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold;
 The Nile shall flow beneath; and on the side
 His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride,
 Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn, 45 }
 And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
 And Asian cities in our triumph borne. }
 With backward bows the Parthian shall be there;
 And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
 A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows, 50
 Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
 Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
 But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
 The Parian marble, there, shall seem to move,
 In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove; 55
 Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
 Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
 Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
 And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
 Envy herself, at last grown pale and dumb, 60
 (By Cæsar combated and overcome)
 Shall give her hands; and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing furies, and the burning lakes:

The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel;
 And Sisyphus that labours up the hill 65 }
 The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel. }

Mean time we must pursue the Sylvan lands;
 (Th' abode of nymphs untouch'd by former hands; }
 For such, Mæcenus, are thy hard commands. }

Without thee nothing lofty can I sing; 70

Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring;
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay, }
 Cytheron loudly calls me to my way; }
 Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their prey. }

High Epidaurus urges on my speed, 75

Fam'd for his hills and for his horses breed:
 From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound:
 For echo hunts along and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse
 In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall chuse. 80

And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
 Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The generous youth, who, studious of the prize,
 The race of running coursers multiplies;
 Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds, 85

May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a lowering look,
 Sour-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the yoke.

Her double dew-lap from her chin descends:
 And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends. 90

Long as her sides and large, her limbs are great;
 Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.

Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
 She tosses from the yoke: provokes the fight:
 She rises in her gait, is free from fears, 95
 And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
 Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
 And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
 The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
 But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. 100
 Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
 Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
 Submit thy females to the lusty fire;
 Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail, 105 }
 Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
 Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail. }

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
 But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive!
 Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour come, 110
 And age, and death's inexorable doom.
 Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
 Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
 Still propagate, for still they fall away,
 'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay. 115

Like diligence require the courser's race;
 In early choice, and for a longer space.
 The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
 By sure presages shows his generous kind,
 Of able body, sound of limb and wind. 120 }
 Upright he walks on pasterns firm and straight,
 His motions easy; prancing in his gait.

The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
wood,

Dauntless at empty noises; lofty-neck'd; 125
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his chest, and deep: his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay: }
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay. }

The fiery courser, when he hears from far 130
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
On his right soulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind. 135

His horny hoofs are jetty black and round, }
His chine is double; starting with a bound, }
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground. }
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe. 140

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain 145
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane;
When, half-surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The letcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years when dire diseases come,
 Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
 In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
 And gratefully be kind to his remains.
 For when his blood no youthful spirits move, 155
 He languishes and labours in his love.
 And when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
 Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
 In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires;
 And in himself his former self requires. 160

His age and courage weigh: nor those alone,
 But note his father's virtues and his own;
 Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize;
 Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start, 165
 The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
 Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
 Th' extremes of fev'rish hope, and chilling fear;
 Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
 The flying chariot kindles in the course: 170
 And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
 As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
 No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
 Spurn'd and cast backward on the follower's eyes.
 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first; 175
 Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold Ericthonius was the first, who join'd
 Four horses for the rapid race design'd;
 And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate;
 The Lapithæ to chariots, add the slate 180

Of bits and bridles ; taught the steed to bound ;
 To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
 To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know :
 T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To chuse a youthful steed, with courage fir'd ; 185
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
 Experienc'd masters, and in sundry ways :
 Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
 But once again the batter'd horse beware,
 The weak old stallion will deceive thy care. 190
 Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
 Or was of Argos or Epirian breed, }
 Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself proceed. }

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately steed to climb ; 195
 With food enable him to make his court ;
 Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.
 Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of generous warmth, and of falacious kind.
 Then water him, and (drinking what he can) 200
 Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
 Instructed thus, produce him to the fair :
 And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
 For, if the fire be faint, or out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd race : 205
 And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd :
 (For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
 Take down their mettle keep them lean and bare ;

When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210
 To take the leap, and prove the sport again;
 With scanty measure then supply their food;
 And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood;
 Their bodies harrass, sink them when they run;
 And fry their melting marrow in the sun. 215
 Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan;
 And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown;
 For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
 Should scant the passage, and confine the room.
 Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy, 220
 Of genial lust, and dull the feat of joy.
 But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
 And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done; thy care must now proceed
 To teeming females, and the promis'd breed. 225
 First let them run at large, and never know
 The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
 Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
 Or lumber o'er the meads or cross the wood:
 But range the forest, by the silver side 230
 Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
 Green grass, and fattening clover for their fare,
 And mossy caverns for their noon-tide lair: }
 With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal air. }
 About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green, 235
 Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
 This flying plague (to mark its quality)
 Oestros the Grecians call: Asylus, we:

A fierce

A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their stings draw blood,
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. 240
 Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
 Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
 'This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
 And first employ'd for Io's punishment.
 To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains 245
 In summer's fultry heats (for then it reigns)
 To feed the females, ere the sun arise,
 Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
 When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
 And for the tender progeny provide. 250
 Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire;
 To note the tribe, the lineage, and the fire.
 Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
 Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
 Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow; 255
 To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough:
 The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
 May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
 The calf, by nature and by genius made
 To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade; 260
 Set him betimes to school, and let him be
 Instructed there in rules of husbandry:
 While yet his youth is flexible and green,
 Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
 Early begin the stubborn child to break; 265
 For his soft neck a supple collar make
 Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
 Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)

Thy

Thy flattering method on the youth pursue:
 Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two, 270
 Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
 That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
 In length of time produce the labouring yoke
 And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
 Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd, 275
 Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
 Their wanton appetites not only feed
 With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
 But with thy fickle reap the rankest land:
 And minister the blade with bounteous hand. 280
 Nor be with harmful parsimony won
 To follow what our homely fires have done;
 Who fill'd the pail with beefings of the cow:
 But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend, 285
 Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
 Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
 Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
 The generous labours of the courser, first
 Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets nurs'd:
 Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
 And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
 Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
 The loud applauses of his master's hand:
 This from his weaning let him well be taught; 295
 And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought:
 Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
 Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,

But

But when to four full springs his years advance,
 Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance; 300
 And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
 To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
 Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought:
 And seem to labour, when he labours not.
 Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind; 305
 And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
 He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins;
 And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
 Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
 He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north: 310
 The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
 The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
 Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
 Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse 315
 Impels the flying car, and wins the course.
 Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
 Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply. 320
 Before his training, keep him poor and low;
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow;
 The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
 Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.

Wouldst thou their courage and their strength im-
 prove, 325
 Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.

Whether

Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
 Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
 The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
 Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood; 330
 Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
 Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
 With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
 He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
 Forfakes his food, and, pining for the last, 335
 Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
 The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
 The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
 The stooping warriors, aiming head to head, 340
 Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
 The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
 They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
 Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
 Nor when the war is over, is it peace; 345
 Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;
 But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
 And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires,
 Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
 He with a generous rage resents his wounds; 350
 His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
 And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he
 lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
 Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.

And

And therefore to repair his strength he tries: 355 }
 Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
 And rough upon the flinty rock he lies. }
 On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
 Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
 His horns, yet fore, he tries against a tree: 360
 And meditates his absent enemy.
 He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
 But, when he stands collected in his might, }
 He roars, and promises a more successful fight. }
 Then, to redeem his honour at a blow, 365
 He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
 Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
 The spumy waves proclaim the watery war,
 And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
 March onwards, and insult the rocky shore. 370
 They mate the middle region with their height;
 And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
 The waters boil, and belching from below
 Black sands, as from a forceful engine throw.
 Thus every creature, and of every kind, 375
 The secret joys of sweet coition find:
 Not only man's imperial race, but they
 That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
 Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
 For love is lord of all, and is in all the same. 380
 'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
 Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
 Demanding rites of love; she sternly stalks;
 And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.

'Tis

'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forfakes, 385
 In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
 Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move;
 Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
 Then woe to him, that in the desert land
 Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand. 390
 The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
 And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
 Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
 And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
 He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns 395
 Unruly torrents and unforded streams.
 The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
 New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
 The sleepy leacher shuts his little eyes;
 About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise: 400
 He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
 And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
 What did the Youth, when love's unerring dart
 Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
 Alone, by night, his watery way he took; 405
 About him, and above, the billows broke;
 The sluices of the sky were open spread,
 And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
 The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
 And every boding omen of the main. 410
 Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
 Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
 No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
 His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted linox make 415
 With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake:
 The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage;
 When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
 But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
 Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair. 420
 For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
 She tears the harness, and she rends the rein;
 For this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
 Their masters' mangled members they devour; }
 Of love defrauded in their longing hour. 425 }
 For love they force through thickets of the wood,
 They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When at the spring's approach their marrow burns
 (For with the spring their genial warmth returns),
 The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair, 430
 And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
 When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
 Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
 Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
 Through plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
 Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
 Nor southward to the rainy regions run;
 But boring to the west, and hovering there,
 With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
 With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
 A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
 The shepherd knows it well; and calls by name
 Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.

This,

This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
 With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of power,
 Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse;
 And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.
 But time is lost, which never will renew,
 While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
 Surveying nature with too nice a view. 450

Let this suffice for herds: our following care
 Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
 Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
 To raise my subject from a ground so low:
 And the mean matter which my theme affords, 455
 T' embellish with magnificence of words.
 But the commanding Muse my chariot guides:
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
 But first the way to new discoveries make. 460

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
 I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
 First, with assiduous care, from winter keep
 Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
 Then spread with straw, the bedding of thy fold; 465
 With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
 That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
 And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
 Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd:
 And led to living streams, to quench their thirst. 470
 Feed them with winter-browse, and for their lair
 A cote that opens to the south prepare:

Where

Where, basking in the sun-shine, they may lie,
 And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
 This during winter's drisly reign be done: 475
 Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun:
 For hairy goats of equal profit are
 With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
 'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
 Is dearly sold: but not for needful use: 480
 For the falacious goat increases more;
 And twice as largely yields her milky store.
 The still-distended udders never fail;
 But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
 Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards; 485
 And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
 Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
 And shield the shivering mariner from cold.
 On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
 Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop. 490
 Attended with their bleating kids they come
 At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
 And scarce their swelling bags the threshold overcome. }
 So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of winter, to defend the snow: 495
 By how much less the tender helpless kind,
 For their own ills, can fit provision find.
 Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;
 And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
 But when the western winds with vital power 500
 Call forth the tender grass, and budding flower;

Then, at the last, produce in open air
 Both flocks, and send them to their summer fare.
 Before the sun, while Hesperus appears;
 First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears 505
 Of morning dews; and after break their fast
 On green-sward ground (a cool and grateful taste):
 But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
 And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
 When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain, 510
 Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
 In summer's heat some bending valley find,
 Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind:
 Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
 In ample breadth thy cattle to defend: 515
 Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
 To shield them with its venerable shade.
 Once more to watering lead; and feed again
 When the low sun is sinking to the main.
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews, 520
 And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
 When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains;
 Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains? 525
 Where oft the flocks without a leader stray;
 Or through continued deserts take their way;
 And, feeding, add the length of night to day. }
 Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
 Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know; 530
 Such

Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
 Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
 And with him all his patrimony bears:
 His house and household gods! his trade of war, 535
 His bow and quiver; and his trusty cur.

Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
 Their long, laborious marches overcome:
 Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
 And pitch their sudden camp before the foe. 540

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
 Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
 Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand;
 Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
 Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there 545
 No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:
 The frozen earth lies buried there below
 A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow:
 And all the West allies of stormy Boreas blow. }

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face; 550
 Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
 When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the rudy ocean seeks his bed.
 Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
 And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd. 555

An hostry now for waggons, which before
 Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
 The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
 The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;

With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence 560
 By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
 From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
 Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
 Mean time perpetual fleet, and driving snow,
 Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below. 565
 The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
 Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintery walls
 Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
 The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar, 570
 With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
 With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight:
 But close engages in unequal fight.
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray; 575
 Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears:
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
 The men to subterranean caves retire;
 Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load, 580
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
 Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
 And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer,
 Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer. 585
 Such are the cold Riphean race; and such
 The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
 Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
 The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go 590
 Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
 Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
 Then of the purest white select thy breed.
 Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
 Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold. 595
 But search his mouth; and if a swarthy tongue
 Is underneath his humid palate hung,
 Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
 And substitute another from thy stock.

'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we 600
 May trust report), Pan god of Arcady
 Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
 Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land 605
 Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
 To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
 These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
 The favour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain, 610
 With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain,
 Their morning milk, the peasants press at night:
 Their evening meal before the rising light
 To market bear; or sparingly they steep
 With seasoning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep. 615

Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
 With fattening whey the mastiff's generous breed;
 And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
 Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:

Repulse the prouling wolf, and hold at bay 620
 The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
 With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
 Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer;
 Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
 Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage. 625

With smoak of burning cedar scent thy walls,
 And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls:
 With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
 To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race.
 For often under stalls unmov'd they lie, 630
 Obscure in shades, and shunning heaven's broad eye.
 And snakes, familiar to the hearth succeed,
 Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
 Whether to roofy houses they repair,
 Or sun themselves abroad in open air, 635
 In all abodes of pestilential kind
 To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
 Take, shepherd, take, a plant of stubborn oak;
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroke:
 Or with hard stones, demolish from afar 640
 His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
 Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
 'Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
 He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
 And in some secret cranny slowly glides; 645
 But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd
 sides. }

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
 With curling crest, and with advancing head:

Waving

Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
 His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back: 650
 While springs are broken, while the southern air
 And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
 He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs;
 He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs.
 But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks; 655
 And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
 He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
 And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
 With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
 He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens. 660
 Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade
 In open plains, or in the secret shade,
 When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
 Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
 And in his summer livery rolls along, 665 }
 Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
 Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young; }
 And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
 The hopes of poison, for the following year.
 The causes and the signs shall next be told, 670
 Of every sickness that infects the fold.
 A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
 When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
 Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin;
 Or burning icicles are lodg'd within: 675
 Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
 Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins:

When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.

Good shepherds, after sheering, drench their sheep,
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep. }

They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs; 685
With scum that on the molten silver swims.

Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these, }
Besides the waxen labour of the bees: }
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas, }
Receipts abound, but, searching all thy store, 690

The best is still at hand—to lance the fore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground:

While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands, }
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands, 695 }
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands. }

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein, 700

This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
The Gelons use it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horses blood.

But, when thou see'st a single sheep remain 705
In shades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;

Or listlessly to crop the tender grass;
 Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
 Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
 Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread. 710

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
 Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
 Nor do those ills on single bodies prey;
 But oftener bring the nation to decay;
 And sweep the present flock and future hope away. }

A dire example of this truth appears:
 When, after such a length of rolling years,
 We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
 Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
 Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's happy
 reigns. 720 }

Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
 A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
 During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
 Tame cattle, and the beasts of nature flew.
 Poisoning the standing lakes, and pools impure: 725
 Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
 Strange death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
 When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
 A waterish humour swell'd and ooz'd again; 730
 Converting into bane the kindly juice,
 Ordain'd by nature for a better use.
 The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
 Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,

Sunk

Sunk of himself, without the gods command: 735
 Preventing the flow sacrificer's hand.
 Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
 Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretel:
 Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
 But clouds of smouldering smoke forbade the sacrifice.
 Scarcely the knife was reddened with his gore,
 Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
 The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
 And render their sweet souls before the plenteous rack.
 The fawning dog runs mad, the weasling swine 745
 With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
 The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
 The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
 He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
 A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears: 750 }
 Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
 Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
 But in time's process, when his pains increase,
 He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
 With patient sobbing, and with manly moans. 755
 He heaves for breath; which from his lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his labouring side.
 To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds;
 And roapy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
 A drench of wine has with success been us'd; 760
 And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
 Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws;
 But, if too late, the patient's death did cause.

For

For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought;
 And added fury to the strength it brought. 765
 Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
 In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
 Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
 And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow, 770
 (Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
 Falls down and dies; and dying spews a flood
 Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
 The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful fellow from the team disjoins: 775
 With many a groan forfakes his fruitless care,
 And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
 The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
 Nor flowery meads, can ease; nor crystal floods
 Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease; 780
 His eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
 His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
 And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
 Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
 To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil! 785
 And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
 Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
 Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
 Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
 Simple his beverage, homely was his food; 790
 The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
 No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
 His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
 To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen, 795
 For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
 Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain: }
 And cover'd with his hand the shallow feed again. }
 He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
 With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight. 800

The nightly wolf, that round th' inclosure prou'd
 To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
 Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
 And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go: }
 And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer }
 foe. 805

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
 Like shipwreck'd carcasses are driven aground:
 And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
 In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
 The viper dead within her hole is found; 810
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
 The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
 With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
 To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
 From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above. 815

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
 Or trust to physic; physic is their bane,
 The learned leaches in despair depart:
 And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, 820
 Majestically pale, now treads the round;

Before

Before her drives diseases and affright;
 And every moment rises to the fight:
 Aspiring to the skies, incroaching on the light. }
 The rivers and their banks, and hills around, 825
 With lowings, and with dying bleats resound.
 At length, she strikes an universal blow;
 To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
 Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
 The differing species in confusion lie. 830
 Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
 To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground,
 For, useles to the currier were their hides:
 Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
 Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame 835
 The stench abolish, or the favour tame.
 Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store
 (Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore);
 Or touch the web: but if the vest they wear,
 Red blisters rising on their paps appear, 840
 And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
 And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget:
 Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
 Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his
 prey.

T H E
F O U R T H B O O K
O F T H E
G E O R G I C S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgic: In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease.

In

In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.

Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things. } 5
Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find, } 10
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and brush the dew: } 15
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear } 20
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare. }
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:

And

And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop), 25
 Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop.
 That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the venturous colony to swarm;
 When first their way through yielding air they wing,
 New to the pleasures of their native spring; 30
 The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw foldiers from the scalding heat:
 And neighbouring trees, with friendly shade, invite
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
 Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake, 35
 A passage for thy weary people make;
 With osier floats the standing water strow;
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow:
 That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
 And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry: 40
 When, late returning home, the laden host
 By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
 Wild thyme and favory set around their cell;
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell;
 Set rows of rosemary with flowering stem, 45
 And let the purple violets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
 With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees;
 Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
 Congeals into a lump the liquid gold; 50
 So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
 And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
 With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.

And

And with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive 55
 To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
 Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
 A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
 In chambers of their own, beneath the ground: 60
 Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
 And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky hives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,
 Nor place them where too deep a water flows, 65
 Or where the yeugh their poisonous neighbour grows:
 Nor roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of their nose. }
 Nor near the steeming stench of muddy ground: }
 Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound, }
 And doubled images of voice rebound. 70 }

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
 And under earth have driven the winter year:
 The winged nation wanders through the skies,
 And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
 Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bowers, 75
 They skim the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
 The young succession all their cares employ:
 They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
 And make provision for the future state: 80
 They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
 And labour honey to sustain their lives.

But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,

The motions of their hasty flight attend; 85
 And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they
 bend.

Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound,
 With these alluring favours strew the ground,
 And mix with tinkling brass, the cymbal's droning }
 found.

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air, 90
 The reconcil'd deserters will repair.

But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
 (For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
 The vulgar in divided factions jar;
 And murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war. 95

Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
 Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
 With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
 And martial clangors call them out to fight:

With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds, 100
 That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:

Then to their common standard they repair;
 The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.

In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
 And every knight is proud to prove his worth. 105

Prefs'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
 On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings;
 And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings. }

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
 The trusty guards come up, and close the side; 110
 With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd. }

Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
 To war they follow their undaunted king:
 Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
 The flocking squadrons meet in mortal fight: 115
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
 Hard hailstones lie nor thicker on the plain,
 Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorns rain.
 With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway, 120
 The two contending princes make their way;
 Intrepid through the midst of danger go;
 Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
 With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
 They challenge, and encounter breast to breast; 125
 So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or die;
 That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, 130
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay;
 And undecided leave the fortune of the day. }
 When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
 Then to the lawful king restore his right.
 And let the wasteful prodigal be slain, 135
 That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
 One monarch wears an honest open face:
 Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold, 140

And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.

That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and fullen is his face:

And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy race: }

Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train }

That long have travel'd through a desert plain, }

And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again. }

The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,

Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue; 150

Glittering and ardent, though in body less:

From these, at 'pointed seasons, hope to press

Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,

Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:

T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine, 155

And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.

But when the swarms are eager of their play,

And loathe their empty hives, and idly stray,

Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take

A timely care to bring the truants back. 160

The task is easy, but to clip the wings

Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:

At their command, the people swarm away;

Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.

Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite 165

The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.

Besides the god obscene, who frights away,

With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,

For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees: 170

And

'And with wild thyme and favory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end, 175 }
Strike fail, and hastening to the harbour tend,
My song to flowery gardens might extend. }
To teach the vegetable arts to sing
The Præstan roses, and their double spring:
How succory drinks the running stream, and how 180
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale. 185
For where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galefus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too; }
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: 190 }
Yet, labouring well his little spot of ground,
Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And 'bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford, 195
With wholesome poppy-flowers to mend his homely
board:

For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less: }
The little of his own, because his own, did please. }

To quit his care, he gather'd first of all 200
 In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
 And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain,
 He stripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
 And, calling Western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth;
 He therefore first among the swains was found,
 To reap the product of his labour'd ground, }
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd. }
 His limes were first in flowers; his lofty pines,
 With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines. 210
 For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose: }
 And tame to plumbs, the sowness of the flocks. 215 }
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task; for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees, 220
 Bestow'd by Jove for secret services:
 When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
 The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own, 225
 And common sons, beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.
 Each has a certain home, a several stall:
 All is the state's, the state provides for all.

Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain: 230
 And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
 Some o'er the public magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forage to provide:
 These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
 Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb, 235 }
 With dew, Narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum. }
 To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
 Some nurse the future nation of the hive:
 Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout;
 The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut. 240
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
 With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
 As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod, 245
 New thunder hasten for their angry god:
 Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies,
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
 And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare: 250
 With lifted arms they order every blow,
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row: }
 With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below. }
 Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
 If little things with great we may compare,
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
 Studious of honey, each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:

That in the field; this in affairs of state, 260
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
 To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
 But late at night, with weary pinions come
 The labouring youth, and heavy laden home. 265
 Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
 The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
 He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
 Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep; 270
 They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
 Rush through the city-gates without delay,
 Nor ends their work but with declining day:
 Then, having spent the last remains of light,
 They give their bodies due repose at night: 275
 When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
 Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
 When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
 'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day:
 But near the city walls their watering take,
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
 And as when empty barks on billows float,
 With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat, 285
 So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
 Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.
 But, what's more strange, their modest appetites,
 Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.

No lust enervates their heroic mind, 290
 Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind,
 But in their mouths reside their genial powers,
 They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
 Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat:
 And thus their little citizens create: 295 }
 And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
 And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the burdens which they bear.
 Such rage of honey in their bosom beats:
 And such a zeal they have for flowery sweets. 300

Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
 Which in the space of seven short years is done;
 Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
 The fortune of the family remains: }
 And grandfires grandsons the long list contains. 305 }

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
 With servile awe, their idol king adore:
 While he survives, in concord and content
 The commons live, by no divisions rent;
 But the great monarch's death dissolves the govern- }
 ment. 310 }

All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
 To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
 The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys;
 The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:
 Him they extol, they worship him alone: 315
 They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
 They raise him on their shoulders with a shout:
 And when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,

His

His foes to mortal combat they defy,
 And think it honour at his feet to die. 320

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
 That bees have portions of etherial thought;
 Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires:
 For God the whole created mass inspires;
 Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
 His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
 Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
 fowls,

With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls.
 Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
 And into him at length resolve again. 330

No room is left for death, they mount the sky,
 And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
 And by prerogative to break their doors:
 With sprinkled water first the city choke, 335
 And then pursue the citizens with smoke.

Two honey-harvests fall in every year:
 First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
 And springing upward spurn the briny seas:
 Again, when their affrighted quire surveys 340
 The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
 With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
 They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find. }

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
 When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face: 345
 And through the purple veins a passage find;
 There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
 And wouldst preserve thy famish'd family;
 With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, 350
 And break the waxen walls to save the state.
 For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
 Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
 And lizards, shunning light, a dark retreat
 Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat. 355
 Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
 In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
 Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
 And mix in battle with unequal arms:
 Or secret moths are there in silence fed; 360
 Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
 The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind,
 With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
 And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives. 365

But since they share with man one common fate,
 In health and sickness, and in turns of state;
 Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible decay.
 They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare, 370
 Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:
 And crowds of dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd hides, in decent pomp are borne:
 Their friends attend the hearse, the next relations }
 mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp, 375
 Their feeble legs within each other clasp,

Or idle in their empty hives remain,
 Benumb'd with cold, or listless of their gain.
 Soft whispers then and broken sounds are heard,
 As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd 280
 Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
 Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
 This when thou see'st, Galbanean odours use,
 And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
 Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood, 385
 T' invite the people to their wonted food:
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
 To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
 And with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented centaury.
 A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
 Amellus call'd, and easy to be found:
 For from one root the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
 The flower itself is glorious to behold, 395
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold:
 Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
 Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
 Boil this restoring root in generous wine,
 And set beside the door the sickly flock to dine. 400
 But if the labouring kind be wholly lost,
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost,
 'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
 Th' Arcadian master did of old impart:
 And how he stock'd his empty hives again; 405
 Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.

An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring:

For where, with seven-fold horns, mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Ægypt's fruitful isle, 410
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the foil with slime, and black prolific sands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground, 415
In this one art a sure relief have found.

First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique. 420
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within, 425
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.

Extended thus, in his obscene abode,
They leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime. 430

This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent, 435
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.

Then,

Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
 A moving mast at first, and short of thighs;
 Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings: 440
 And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.

At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, 445
 When from afar they gall embattled foes,
 With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought? 450

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
 His bees with famine, or diseases, dead;
 On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head. }

And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd: 455

Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood:

What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
 The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?

O! where is all thy boasted pity gone, 460
 And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.

Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough }
 The needful aids of human life allow: 465 }
 So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.

Proceed,

Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn; }
 Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn; }
 My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn. }
 Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown, 470
 Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
 But from her mossy bower below the ground, }
 His careful mother heard the plaintive sound, }
 Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round. }
 One common work they ply'd: their distaffs full 475
 With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
 Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
 And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair:
 Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
 And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid. 480
 Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
 Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
 Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
 Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
 Thalia joyous, Ephyré the sad, 485 }
 And Arethusa once Diana's maid, }
 But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd. }
 To these, Clymene the sweet theft declares
 Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
 And all the rapes of gods, and every love, 490
 From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
 Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.

A mournful sound again the mother hears;
 Again the mournful sound invades the sister's ears: 495

Start-

Starting at once from their green seats, they rise;
 Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
 But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
 First lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
 And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said: 500 }
 O sister! not with causeless fear possést,
 No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
 'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
 Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
 Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, 505
 With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
 Upbraiding heaven from whence his lineage came,
 And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
 Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
 Cries out, Conduct my son, conduct him here: 510
 'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
 To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
 At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
 At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
 Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand, 515
 And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
 'Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
 Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
 With wondering eyes he views the secret store
 Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar. 520
 He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
 And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
 And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
 'The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;

Where

Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears, 525
 And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.

Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
 Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging found.

Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
 And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods, 530

Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
 And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.

With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son 535
 Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,

Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
 Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.

Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
 With water drawn from their perpetual spring, 540

From earthly dregs his body purify,

And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:

Then load the tables with a liberal feast,

And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.

The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke, 545

And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.

Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;

Then thus, let these be pour'd, with rites divine, }
 To the great author of our watery line. }

To father Ocean, this; and this, she said, 550

Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid, }

Who rule the watery plains, and hold the woodland }
 shade. }

She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the vestal fire,
 Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun, 555
 With words like these to cheer her drooping son.
 In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
 The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god;
 High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
 His azure car and finny coursers guides; 560
 Proteus his name; to his Pallenian port
 I see from far the weary god resort.
 Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
 But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring doom, 565
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
 Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
 The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes. 570
 But first the wily wizard must be caught,
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
 Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought. }
 Surprize him first, and with hard fetters bind;
 Then all his frauds will vanish into wind. 575
 I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
 When next the southing sun inflames the day:
 When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
 And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
 Then will I lead thee to his secret feat; 580
 When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
 The wayward fire frequents his cool retreat. }

His

His eyes with heavy slumber overcast;
 With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold, 585
 The slippery god will try to loose his hold:
 And various forms assume to cheat thy sight;
 And with vain images of beasts affright.
 With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
 Or imitate the lion's angry roar; 590
 Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
 Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare;
 Or with a wile thy caution to betray,
 In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies forms, beware 595
 To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
 Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
 To his true shape, in which he first was seen.

This said, with nectar she her son anoints:
 Infusing vigour through his mortal joints: 600
 Down from his head the liquid odours ran:
 He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
 A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
 Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide, 605 }
 In form of war, their watery ranks divide; }
 And there, like sentries set, without the mouth abide; }
 A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
 A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
 Secure within resides the various god, 610
 And draws a rock upon his dark abode,

Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
 The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the
 light:

Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.

'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky 615

Scorch'd Indian swains, the rivel'd grass was dry;

The sun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,

And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:

When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,

Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves: 600

His finny flocks about their shepherd play,

And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.

Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,

Then in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount, 625

Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.

So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom

Surveys his evening flocks returning home:

When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,

Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war. 630

'Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:

For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,

When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in chains

The drowfy prophet, and his limbs constrains.

He, not unmindful of his usual art, 635

First in dissembled fire attempts to part:

Then roaring beasts and running streams he tries,

And wearies all his miracles of lies:

But, having shifted every form to 'scape,

Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape; 640

And

And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
 Audacious youth, what madness could provoke
 A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?

What business brought thee to my dark abode?

To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'st full
 well 645

My name, and business, god, nor need I tell:

No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave

Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.

Following the gods' command, I come t' implore

Thy help, my perish'd people to restore. 650

The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,

Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;

And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god

Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.

Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward, 655

And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,

And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;

Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape

The just revenge of that intended rape. 660

To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,

Unwary, took along the river's side:

Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,

That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.

But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear 665

With loud laments, and break the yielding air:

The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,

And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.

Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
 And fought, his mournful mind with music to restore. }
 On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun, }
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun. }
 Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night 675
 He took his way, through forests void of light:
 And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable king.
 Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
 And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side. 680
 Nor flocks of birds when driven by storms or night,
 Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
 Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid, }
 * The mighty heroes more majestic shade; }
 And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid. }
 All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
 With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
 And baleful Styx encompasses around,
 With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
 Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance, 690
 Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:
 The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
 The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
 Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing-wheel. 695

All

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's translation. DRYDEN.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
 In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
 Longing the common light again to share,
 And draw the vital breath of upper air:
 He first, and close behind him follow'd she, 700
 For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
 When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
 By little caution and much love betray'd;
 A fault which easy pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive. 705
 For near the confines of ethereal light,
 And longing for the glimmering of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
 Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke; 710
 And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
 Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
 Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
 Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me? 715
 Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
 An iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
 And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
 In vain I reach my feeble hands to join 720
 In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
 Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
 And left her hopeless lover in despair.

In vain, with folding arms; the youth essay'd
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade: 725
 He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprize: }
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes. }

Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more 730
 Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.

What should he do, who twice had lost his love?

What notes invent, what new petitions move?

Her soul already was consign'd to fate,

And shivering in the leaky sculler fate. 735

For seven continued months, if fame say true,

The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;

By Strymon's freezing streams he fate alone,

The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:

Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:

Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning
 tongues.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,

The mother nightingale laments alone:

Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,

By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence. 745

But she supplies the night with mournful strains,

And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs;

Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.

Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone 750

Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;

He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,

And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The

The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd, 755
 With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.
 Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field,
 Then, when his head from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
 Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
 With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd, }
 Eurydice, the rocks and river-banks reply'd. }
 This answer Proteus gave, nor more he said, 765 }
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head; }
 And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely }
 spread. }

• The nymph return'd, her drooping son to chear,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear;
 For now, said she, the cause is known, from whence 770
 Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence:
 The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
 With vows and suppliant prayers their powers appease;
 The soft Napæan race will soon repent
 Their anger, and remit the punishment:
 The secret in an easy method lies;
 Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
 Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide; 780
 Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:

For these, four altars in their temple rear,
 And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
 From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
 And leave their bodies in the shady wood: 785
 Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
 T' appease the manes of the poets king:
 And, to propitiate his offended pride,
 A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
 This finish'd, to the former woods repair. 790 }
 His mother's precepts he performs with care;
 The temple visits, and adores with prayer. }
 Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
 For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
 Four heifers from his female store he took, 795
 All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
 Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
 The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
 Behold a prodigy! for, from within
 The broken bowels, and the bloated skin, 800
 A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
 Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms,
 Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
 Then on a neighbouring tree, descending light:
 Like a large cluster of black grapes they show, 805
 And make a large dependence from the bough.
 Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
 And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
 While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
 Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war; 810
 With

With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days, 815
Affecting studies of less noisy praise:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

V I R G I L ' S

Æ N E I D S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

J O H N,

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,

EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

A N D

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER.

AN Heroic Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of a man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient, to carry on the main design. Either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect; or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength: but with brick or stone,

though

though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Aristotle and others have inserted in their poems: by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the compleating of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Boffu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers,

brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way, as it were on propense malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for the detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odysses, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschylus, Eurypides, and Sophocles. For the original of the

stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies; yet all endued with human souls: for from him their great Creator, they have each of them the “*divinæ particulum auræ.*” They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: so that as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which

Aristotle

Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare

an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass: the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great: is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem; where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choleric and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand

stand ill on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them like rocks or quick-sands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require

medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as

well as read: and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting, the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage: and those not only the "*speciosa miracula*," as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Lestrigons, which cannot be represented even in operas, but the prowess of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but "*ne Hercules contra duos*" in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry, because I have taken some

pains in translating Virgil; if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my Lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good-nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother-serjeant at the bar; especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place.

place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess: but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the
author:

author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections. For, in this address to your Lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed, as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison therefore which I made betwixt the epopee, and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, That the file of heroic

heroic poets is very short: all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordship's ears, with his

“*Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.*”

Mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen had his action been finished, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human, in
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his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparifon betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his translation of the *Æneis*, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for, “*Volat irrevocabile verbum;*” the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet
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the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business; and not thinking of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his; in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding be-
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twixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in their several chiefs, to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

“*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*”

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so after the reconciliation he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed

allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the christian priesthood, refining on the heathen). Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power: such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate
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and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric of consequence must fall betwixt them, and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: "Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perstar meglio, sto qui."

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar; broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: Cæsar, thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost

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(for he was a Marian) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country; whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good-fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your Lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource: the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally

honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart—

“ Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.”

I think, I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium; and there giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, That an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice: which,

which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince: by that respect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honest in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom

he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present age; and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there: but that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the *Æneis*, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourished in his time, less obliged to him than the emperor. Your Lordship knows with what address he makes
 mention

mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the *Æneis*: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disoblinded the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For “genus irritabile Vatum,” as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him, “Animamque in vulnere ponit.” I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and plant-

ed by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tass an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral leads me. But if your Lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I must prepare that subject, by showing how dextrously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man: and proves, that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am; though such things perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal succession:

cession: for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his *Æneis*, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam; who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. *Æneas* had only married Creusa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæsar; such a title being but one degree removed from conquest. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the person of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince; solicitous for the welfare of his people; always consulting with his se-

nate, to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. “*Pater arma Latinus habeto,*” &c. are Virgil’s words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which Augustus was invested: and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the second book of the *Æneis*, for his hero to succeed in it; and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation; the words of Virgil are very plain,

“*Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.*”

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors, Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

“ Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere regnum

“ Immeritum visum Superis,—

Æneis, lib. III. 1.”

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is leveled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus: those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars: gratitude to those who had obliged him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety,

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son; his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death; of the games instituted in honour of his memory; or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elyfian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible: of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurse; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole *Æneis* is one continued instance of

of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it should suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your Lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the *Æneis*, as the author of the Dauphin's *Virgil* justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our foldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When

When I speak of your Lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my Lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said, from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me; and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon

non and Achilles vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by shewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people; which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man
who

who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour. I will now follow him where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country; allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomedes give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book:

“ — Stetimus tela aspera contra,
 “ Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
 “ In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
 “ Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
 “ Terra viros; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
 “ Dardanus, & versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
 “ Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
 “ Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
 “ Hæsit, & in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
 “ Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
 “ Hic pietate prior.” —

I give

I give not here my translation of these verses; though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire that you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer has done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was manifestly the second companion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the champion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered. Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneids. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or a whole round table, than he performs. "*Proxima quæque metit gladio,*" is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continued Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprizes, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first
I
place,

place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them: and Ariosto, the two Tasso's, Bernardo, and Torquato, even our own Spenser; in a word; all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself thought otherwise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor or his descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same god-smith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no war-luck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy;

yet

yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more: for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described, lamenting their lost loves: Briseïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüsa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your Lordship may observe the address of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove

as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censurers is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

“ Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:

“ Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad fidera palmas,” &c.

But to this I have answered formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he

he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken, Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which, if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

“ Parce metu, Cytheræa; manent immota tuorum
 “ Fata tibi,” &c.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole *Æneis*, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven whether

he could alter fate, or not. And indeed, some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny. “*Tua qua potes, orsa reflectas.*” To which he graciously answers:

“*Si mora præsentis lethi tempusque caduco*
 “*Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis;*
 “*Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.*
 “*Hactenus indulgisse vacat. Sin altior istis*
 “*Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri*
 “*Mutarive putas bellum, spes pacis inanes.*”

But that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

“*—— Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,*
 “*Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ*
 “*Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Turnum*
 “*Fata manent, metaque dati pervenit ad ævi.*”

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person Sir Robert Howard; who is better conversant, than any man that I know,

I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

“Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis,”

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more shew of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes, with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those mis-

fortunes which befel others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion.

“ Vultis & his mecum pariter confidere Regnis?

“ Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.”

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had accepted the favour; and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he

he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy, for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion; or, take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

“*Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.*”

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

“ ——— Curam sub corde premebat,

“ Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus
“ amore.”

Upon the whole matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuses himself when it is too late, and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge, that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shewn
him

him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes; then want of constancy and ingratitude, after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew, with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil: and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneid, and we know not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole Æneis,

yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work: but possession having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble and intreats: and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised, for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy.

Virgil

Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him; but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him; and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Estè, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband; doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him; but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honesty, but he gained his cause however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him if he had not got the start of her; she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and “
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rium & mutabile semper femina," is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on woman-kind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal must be understood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. "Notumque furens quid femina possit;" she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*," many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lye, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred

hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, says, that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence; that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But, that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth *Æneid*, to which I refer your Lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or, at least, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes
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it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shewn already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend, his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the

the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related; and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as *Virgil* does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of *Maro*; and *Tasso*, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make *Hannibal* and *Scipio* contemporaries with *Alexander*; but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is *Virgil's* episode of *Dido* and *Æneas*; where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his *Æneis* of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him,

him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the *Æneis*, but was so accounted in his own age; and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

“ Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
 “ Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.”

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid in those words, “ non legitimo fœdere junctus amor,” will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and *Æneas*: he was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my *Art of Love*, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and *Æneas* into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action? But was Ovid, the court-poet, so bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuse himself than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence; for it was her business to bring matters to that issue: that the ceremonies were short we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous,
 but

but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an innuendo.—“*Pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis.*”— He calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word “uxorious” implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun English proverb, “He killed two birds with one stone;” pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. “*Neque hæc in fœdera veni,*” is the very excuse which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast:

be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witnesses, that I leave your shore unwillingly; for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, I must acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into
this

this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. “ Quid “ prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est.” But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the œconomy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals, The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis* which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odysses*: as, for example, *Æneas* descended into hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas* loved *Dido*, and *Ulysses* loved *Calypso*: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer’s *Odysses* in his first six books, and in his six last the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil’s *Æneas*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of

Nifus and Uryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priests. “Æneadam Genitrix” was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael’s pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a
kind

kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other fought a home. To return to my first similitude. Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shewed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back; his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage):

he would have rather drawn him killing Androgeus, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypso, for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odysses? If this be a copy, let the critics shew us the same disposition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race: and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown
falsome;

fulsome; rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre, or Valais; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, suppose for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business. And admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess, that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action: but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I
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need give your Lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoë* were heaving the ships from off the quick-sands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

“ Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
 “ Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
 “ Jamque faces, & faxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
 “ Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
 “ Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
 “ Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
 “ Sic cunctus pelagi accidit fragor, æquora postquam
 “ Prospiciens genitor, cœloque investus aperto
 “ Flestit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.”

This is the first similitude which *Virgil* makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole, for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an
 ambitious

ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: "Nunc, non erat his locus:" and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the *Æneis*, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer: and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which
number

number I am sure your Lordship is one, I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the *Æneis* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy: he is surprized by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following: sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time: this part of the action compleats the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the siege of his camp by Turnus; his going for succours to relieve it; his return; the raising of the siege by the first battle; the twelve days truce; the second battle; the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take

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up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the intire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

“*Quinetiam hiberno moliris fidere classem.*”

But whereas Ronfard's followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August, at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of
summer,

summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronfardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These, indeed, are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended when he begins his story: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required: and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of the Tiber, which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the
poet

poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh Æneid:

“ Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
 “ Cùm venti posuere; variæ circumque, supraque
 “ Affuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
 “ Æthera mulcebant cantu.”

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that, according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year compleat, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido:

“ Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.”

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light, The achronical
 rising,

rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during winter, she speaks also of Orion:

“ Dum pelago desævit hyems, & aquosus Orion.”

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion; Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him “ nimbosus:” Anna “ aquosus.” He is tempestuous in the summer when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he rises achronically. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who, I think, deserves no little commendation in this new criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities, as did also the Trojans; from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be

thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Æneis*, to calm the tempest raised by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to *Cumæ* in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples amongst a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of *Orion*? what wonder, if amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by *Orontes*, though half the winds had not been there which *Æolus* employed? Might not *Palinurus*, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the
skies;

skies? at least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

“ O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
 “ Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.”

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprized, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Taffo has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerufalem). But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses is, in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus

was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany, which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? And how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journey-men? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomedes. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the *χρῆμα* which they shed, were so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his Art of Poetry,

that

that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

“ *Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus;*”

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father) but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and, by mistake, belonging to his charioteer *Metiscus*. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil:

“ — Non me tua turbida virtus

“ Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.”

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this description of the three *Dira*, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense:

“ Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances

“ Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:

“ Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere le-
“ thum.”

For I have taken these words, “ *Quem damnet labor,*” in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place; “ *Damnabis tu quoque votis;*” to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Balthazar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the *Dira* were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the
same

same without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was “*impar pugna*,” and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph before-hand, that her brother was to fight;

“*Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;*”

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

“ ——— *Non mea tua turbida virtus*

“ *Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.*”

I doubt not but the adverb (*solùm*) is to be understood, it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use; because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear,

I wonder Ruzus ſaw not this, where he charges his author ſo unjuſtly, for giving Turnus a ſecond ſword, to no purpoſe. How could he faſten a blow, or make a thruſt, when he was not ſuffered to approach? Beſides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for ſhe could have brought the chariot again, when ſhe ſaw her brother worſted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was ſo eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almoſt in his poſſeſſion, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the ſword: whereas Turnus had manifeſtly declined the combat, and ſuffered his ſiſter to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as ſhe could. I ſay, not only ſuffered her, but conſented to it; for it is plain he knew her by theſe words:

“ O foror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
 “ Fœdera turbaſti, teque hæc in bella dediſti;
 “ Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea.”

I have dwelt ſo long on this ſubject, that I muſt contract what I have to ſay, in reference to my tranſlation: unleſs I would ſwell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordſhip, when you ſee ſo many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in juſtification or praiſe of Virgil, is againſt myſelf; for preſuming to copy, in my coarſe Engliſh, the thoughts and beautiful expreſſions of this inimitable poet, who flouriſhed in an age when his language was brought to its laſt perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace,

I will

I will give your Lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style:

“ Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.”

And therefore, as he himself professes, are “fermoni propria,” nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master set them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master: and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the Cæsura as much as possibly I could. For wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need, in a language which

is over-stocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with Cæsuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that this versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is required, the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it) the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.

Virgil

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneis*; yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say: for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

“ Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

“ Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit

“ Aut humana parùm cavit natura.”

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæsura*, in this whole poem: but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs are plainly such; the greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule: that

that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral:

“ Et fuccus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.”

But, “ nobis non licet esse tam disertis:” at least, if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English Prosodia, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and the Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France, within this last century; and we see how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unsolved,

“ Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum

“ Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solus habeto,”

so will I give your Lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's-Hill;

“ Though deep yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;

“ Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends
in

in conversation, and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and above all, since your Lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrian line; which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse; but since Ronfard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength:

strength: their language is not strung with sinews like our English: it has the nimbleness of a grayhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and “*ponere non numero*,” is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid; but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

“*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*”

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his *Æneis* sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid’s

“*Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.*”

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own
great

great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Prosciber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon: yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist; but whether they will pass for gospel now, I cannot tell:

“ Non fu sì fante ni benigno Augusto,
 “ Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
 “ L’haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
 “ La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.”

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill: and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted

attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated). Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease: though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the *Æneis*: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst,

but

but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him: of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth *Æneid*.

“ —Sorti pater æquus utrique.”

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *pater* is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance): because the gods cannot control destiny.—The verse follows:

“ Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.”

Which the same Ruæus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a fight so unpleasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will

will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet it is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success. As particularly your Lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest in English to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style in imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they

make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mancanars at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls) such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams; but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca

neca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pædagogues at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious; souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding: these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him;

every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's *Æneis*, and Marini's *Adone*: and, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the fame which he describes:

“ *Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*”

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; “ *Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis:*” and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your Lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the “ *Judices Natos,*” I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him: and we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour; “ *Nec dona moror.*” For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had

I had, long since, considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Æneis* is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame.

Where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words: for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as meta-

phrafe, nor fo loofe as paraphrafe: fome things too I have omitted, and fometimes have added of my own; yet the omiffions, I hope, are but of circumftances, and fuch as would have no grace in Englifh; and the additions, I alfo hope, are eafily deduced from Virgil's fense. They will feem (at leaft I have the vanity to think fo) not ftuck into him, but growing out of him. He ftudies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little fpace. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, befides figns of tenfes and cafes, and other barbarities on which our fpeech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all thofe figns, and cut off as many articles as they could fpare; comprehending in one word, what we are conftained to exprefs in two; which is one reafon why we cannot write fo concifely as they have done. The word "pater," for example, fignifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone conftains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before obferved, that Virgil endeavours to be fhort and at the fame time elegant, I purfue the excellence, and forfake the brevity; for there is he like ambergris, a
rich

rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation, to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has, sometimes, two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses; for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense: and therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses: and Chapman hath followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unfinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings: they may come as near it as their master: not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without
being

being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure: but, at the same time, I must excuse him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad, he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off: and returned, says Sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Fairy Queen: and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, such a
pre-

precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics: for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems. But his *Æneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and, in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because, in one of them, we find the sense imperfect.

“ *Quem tibi jam Trojâ——*”

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with half a line of nonsense;

“ *peperit fumante Creüsa.*”

For *Ascanius* must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line of the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to *Augustus*:

“ *Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter*

“ *Ære ciere viros.*”

To which he added in that transport, “ *Martemque accendere cantu:*” and never was a line more nobly finished, for the reasons which I have given in the book of *Painting*. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate *Virgil* to a fault; like *Alexander's* courtiers, who affected

to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your Lordship is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you will look on those half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse: like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest him better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer: that Charlemain, who made the Palladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last Æneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and founding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money;
and

and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of an anathema). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master
of

of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression; and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that “*mollis amaracus*,” on which Venus lays Cupid in the first *Æneid*. If I should translate it sweet-marjoram, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him—a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddesses.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

“*Quem quisquis studet æmulari,*

“*— ceratis ope Dedalæâ*

“*Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus*

“*Nomina ponto.*”

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others!

“*Aude*

“Aude hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
“Finge Deo.”

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent: but, like Spenser's false Florimel, made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse, but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems, that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and founding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If founding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry
requires

requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the *Æneis*, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design; neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his Lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to shew for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him.

But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them; which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the *Æneis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has shewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caused a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have glorièd in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient that this is one man's work: and your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first *Æneid*, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective "vicina" in the second line, and the substantive "arva" in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long; and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

" Ut quamvis avido,"

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

" Gratum opus agricolis,"

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

“ Horrentia Martis arma,”

is worse than any of the rest. “ Horrentia” is such a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

“ Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab
“ oris.”

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels, for the greater part, sonorous. The prefacer began with “ Ille ego, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with “ At nunc,” to make the sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneis*, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his stead, My master

needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface:

“ I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
 “ Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
 “ And issuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring
 “ field
 “ A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
 “ Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
 “ (A poem grateful to the greedy swain),” &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length so many times by the daubers of almost all na-

tions, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other features, have been exactly taken; but those holiday-authors write for pleasure, and only shewed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my Lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes, in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my Aureng-zeb into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had said partial, would your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either
of

of your Lordship or your noble kinsman the earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your Essay on Poetry. It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is "ad clerum." At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer, after a long sermon,

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

Your Lordship's

most humble, most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE
 F I R S T B O O K
 OF THE
 Æ N E I D S.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
 And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
 Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore;
 Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore;
 And in the doubtful war, before he won 5
 The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
 His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
 And settled sure succession in his line:
 From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
 And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

O, Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
 What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
 For what offence the queen of heaven began
 To persecute so brave, so just a man!
 Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares, 15
 Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
 Can heavenly minds such high resentment show;
 Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
 An ancient town was seated on the sea: 20
 A Tyrian colony; the people made
 Stout for the war, and studious of their trade.
 Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
 Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
 Here stood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind, 25
 The seat of awful empire she design'd.
 Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
 (Long cited by the people of the sky);

That

That times to come should see the Trojan race
 Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface; 30
 Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of sovereign sway
 Should on the necks of all the nations lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
 Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
 For conquering Greece against the Trojan state. 35 }
 Besides, long causes working in her mind,
 And secret seeds of envy, lay behind.

Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
 Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
 The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
 Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.

Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
 To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
 For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45
 And seven long years th' unhappy wandering train
 Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the main.
 Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
 Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars 50
 Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores;
 Entering with chearful shouts the watery reign,
 And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
 When, labouring still with endless discontent,
 The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent. 55

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
 And must the Trojans reign in Italy?

So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
 Nor can my power divert their happy course.
 Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60
 The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
 She, for the fault of one offending foe,
 The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
 With whirlwinds from beneath she tofs'd the ship,
 And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep: 65
 Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
 The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame
 She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
 Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
 But I, who walk in awful state above, 70
 The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
 For length of years my fruitless force employ
 Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
 What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
 Or offerings on my slighted altars lay? 75
 Thus rag'd the goddess, and, with fury fraught,
 The restless regions of the storms she sought;
 Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
 The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
 With power imperial curbs the struggling winds, 80
 And founding tempests in dark prisons binds,
 This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
 And, pressing for release, the mountains rend:
 High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
 And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands: 85
 Which did he not, their unresisted sway
 Would sweep the world before them in their way:
 Earth,

Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul!

In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with moun-
tain loads: 90

Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers address, 95
And thus the tenour of her suit express'd.

O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main:
A race of wandering slaves abhorr'd by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Thuscan sea:
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies; 105
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.

Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine; 110
And make thee father of a happy line.

'To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand; 115
Yours

Yours is my sovereign's grace, and as your guest,
 I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
 Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
 Dispose of empire, which I hold from you!
 He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side 120
 His quivering spear, and all the god apply'd!
 The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
 And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:
 Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep;
 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep! 125
 South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
 And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
 The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
 Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
 And heaven itself is ravish'd from their eyes! 130 }
 Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
 Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
 The face of things a frightful image bears,
 And present death in various forms appears!
 Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135
 With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
 And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
 That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
 Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
 Why could not I by that strong arm be slain, 140 }
 And lie by noble Hector on the plain:
 O great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
 Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
 Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
 The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear! 145
 Thus

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
 Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
 And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,
 And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
 Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow; 150
 The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:
 While those astern descending down the steep,
 Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
 Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
 And on the secret shelves with fury cast! 155
 Those hidden rocks, th' Ausonian sailors knew,
 They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
 And show'd their spacious backs above the flood!
 Three more fierce Eurys in his angry mood
 Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
 And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
 Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
 (A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
 From stem to stern, by waves was overborn:
 The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, 165
 Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ship was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost!
 And here and there above the waves were seen
 Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men:
 The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
 And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing sea!
 Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
 Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
 Endur'd not less: their ships, with gaping seams,
 Admit the deluge of the briny streams! 175
 Mean

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the sound
 Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
 Displeas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
 He rear'd his awful head above the main:
 Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes 180
 Around this space of earth, and seas, and skies.
 He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
 By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
 Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
 And what her aims and what her arts pursue: 185
 He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
 And first an angry glance on both he cast:
 Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
 This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
 Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
 Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
 To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
 Whom I——But first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
 And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign. }
 Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear, 195
 The realms of ocean and the fields of air
 Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
 The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
 His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
 There let him reign, the jailor of the wind: 200
 With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
 And boast and bluster in his empty hall!
 He spoke; and while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
 Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day:
Cymothoë,

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train 205
 Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
 Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
 The god himself with ready trident stands, }
 And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands; }
 Then heaves them off the shoals; where'er he guides }
 His finny courfers, and in triumph rides, }
 The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides. }
 As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly, 215
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
 If then some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
 He sooths with sober words their angry mood,
 And quenches their innate desire of blood: 220
 So when the father of the flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
 Their fury fails: he skims the liquid plains,
 High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins }
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains. }
 The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride, 230 }
 Broke by the jutting land on either side: }
 In double streams the briny waters glide. }
 Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:

A grot

A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
 Down through the crannies of the living walls
 The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
 No hawsers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear. 240
 Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
 The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
 The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
 Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
 First, good Achates, with repeated strokes 245
 Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
 Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves
 The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
 Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
 And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250
 The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
 The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
 Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
 Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
 Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255
 And takes a prospect of the seas below:
 If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy;
 Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
 No vessels there in view: but, on the plain,
 Three beamy stags commands a lordly train 260
 Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
 Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
 He stood; and while secure they fed below,
 He took the quiver, and the trusty bow

Achates

Achates us'd to bear; the leaders first
 He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd; 265
 Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
 Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
 For the seven ships he made an equal share,
 And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
 The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift,
 When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
 He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief, 275
 With chearful words, allay'd the common grief:
 Endure, and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
 To future good, our past and present woes.
 With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
 Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd. 280
 What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
 Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
 An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
 Through various hazards and events we move 285
 To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
 Call'd to the feat (the promise of the skies)
 Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise.
 Endure the hardships of your present state,
 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate. 290
 These words he spoke; but spoke not from his heart:
 His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste:

Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil;
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine;
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls
 with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends 300
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends;
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.

Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:

The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes: 310

Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
 When Venus saw, she with a lively look,
 Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke:

O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
 Disperes thunder on the seas and land; 315
 Disposes all with absolute command:

How could my pious son thy power incense?
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?

Our hope of Italy not only lost
 On various seas, by various tempests tost, 320
 But shut from every shore, and barr'd from every coast.

You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
 Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,

In after-times should hold the world in awe,
 And to the land and ocean give the law. 325
 How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
 Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
 When fortune still pursues her former blow,
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed? 330
 What end of labours has your will decreed?
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts:
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
 But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
 Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
 To whom, the father of immortal race,
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
 First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
 Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire 350
 The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
 Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls,
 And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,

'Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
 No councils have revers'd my firm decree. 355
 And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
 Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
 Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
 In Italy shall wage successful war;
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field, 360
 And sovereign laws impose, and cities build.
 Till, after every foe subdued, the sun
 Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
 This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
 Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign. 365
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear:
 Then from Lavinium shall the feat transfer:
 And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen, 370
 Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen.
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
 Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys disclose.
 The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
 Then Romulus his grandfire's throne shall gain, 375
 Of martial towers the founder shall become,
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.
 To them, no bounds of empire I assign;
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.
 Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils, 380
 Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself turmoils;
 At length aton'd, her friendly power shall join,
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.

The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
 An age is ripening in revolving fate,
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state:
 And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
 Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with Eastern spoils,
 Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay with rites divine;
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine. 395
 Then dire debate, and impious war shall cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
 Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
 And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
 Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 Imprison'd fury, bound in brazen chains: 405
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate, 410
 The queen might force them from her town and state:
 Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
 And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding skies.

Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
 Performs his message, and displays his rod; 415
 The furly murmurs of the people cease,
 And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
 The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
 The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
 Mean time, in shades of night Æneas lies; 420
 Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes:
 But when the sun restor'd the chearful day,
 He rose, the coast and country to survey,
 Anxious and eager to discover more:
 It look'd a wild uncultivated shore: 425
 But whether human kind, or beasts alone
 Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
 Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
 Tall trees surround the mountains shady sides: }
 The bending brow above a safe retreat provides. 430 }
 Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
 And true Achates on his steps attends.
 Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
 Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
 A huntress in her habit and her mien; 435
 Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
 Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind; }
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind; }
 Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind. }
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood: 440 }
 With such array Harpalice bestrode }
 Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid }
 flood. }

Ho!

Ho! strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
 One of my sisters, like myself array'd;
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd? 445 }
 A painted quiver at her back she bore,
 Vary'd with spots, a lynx's hide she wore:
 And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar? }
 Thus Venus: Thus her son reply'd again,
 None of your sisters have we heard or seen, 450
 O Virgin! or what other name you bear
 Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day;
 Or one, at least, of chaste Diana's train, 455
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain:
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests tofs'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
 Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall. 460
 I dare not, she reply'd, assume the name
 Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
 For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ancles wear.
 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are: 465
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
 The rising city, which from far you see,
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
 Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate: 470 }
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate, }

Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart. 475
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd:
 One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
 Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth, 480
 With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
 Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
 Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind. 485
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
 Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
 And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares. }
 The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
 And the dire secret of his house reveals: 490
 Then warns the widow and her household gods
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 Last, to support her in so long a way,
 He shews her where his hidden treasure lay.
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright, 495
 The queen provides companions of her flight:
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
 The

The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
 With prosperous winds, a woman leads the way.
 I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heaven!
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes 505
 May view the turrets of new Carthage rise:
 There bought a space of ground, which, Byrsa call'd
 From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
 What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth? 510

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
 Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
 Through such a train of woes if I should run, 515
 The day would sooner than the tale be done!
 From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
 If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
 On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
 At length we landed on your Libyan coast: 520
 The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
 While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
 My household gods, companions of my woes,
 With pious care I rescued from our foes;
 To fruitful Italy my course was bent, 525
 And from the king of heaven is my descent.
 With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
 Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
 Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
 From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:

Myself

Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
 Debar'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
 In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.

His tender parent could no longer bear;
 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care. 535

Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
 Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
 Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.

Now take this earnest of success, for more: 540

Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
 Or I renounce my skill in augury.

Twelve swans behold, in beauteous order move,
 And stoop, with closing pinions, from above: 545

Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
 And, through the clouds, pursu'd the scattering throng:
 Now all united in a goodly team,

They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
 As they, with joy returning, clap their wings, 550

And ride the circuits of the skies in rings:
 Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
 Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.

No more advice is needful, but pursue
 The path before you, and the town in view. 555

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair;
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around:

In length of train descends her sweeping gown, 560
 And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
 The prince pursu'd the parting deity,
 With words like these: Ah! whither dost thou fly?
 Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
 In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; 565
 Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
 And still to speak in accents not your own!
 Against the goddesses these complaints he made;
 But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
 They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds, 570
 With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds:
 That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
 Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
 To visit Paphos, and her native clime: 575
 Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer,
 A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
 A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
 They climb the next ascent, and, looking down, 580
 Now, at a nearer distance, view the town:
 The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,
 Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bowers;
 The gates and streets; and hears from every part
 The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585
 The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
 To ply their labour: some extend the wall;
 Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
 Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground, 590
 Which first design'd, with ditches they surround.
 Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
 Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
 Here some design a mole, while others there
 Lay deep foundations for a theatre: 595
 From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
 For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
 Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flowery plains;
 When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burden, and their friends relieve. 605
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
 Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise; 610
 Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
 Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
 Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
 He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
 Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
 Full in the centre of the town there stood,
 Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
 The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
 And, digging here, a prosperous omen found:

From

From under earth a courser's head they drew, 620
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate: 625
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd, 630
The lofty doors on brazen hinges found.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd; 635
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists and their arts renown:
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown, 640
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear! 645
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.

He

He said: his tears a ready passage find, 650
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
 And with an empty picture fed his mind. }
 For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
 And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
 Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain, 655
 On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
 The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
 By their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
 And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
 The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumbering lord.
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
 Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
 Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
 Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reigns,
 Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains:
 Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around, }
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound;
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground. }
 Mean time the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe, }
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
 In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe: }
 They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their }
 hair,
 And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear: }
 But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with prayer.
 Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
 The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.

Here

Here Priam fues; and there, for fums of gold,
 The lifelefs body of his fon is fold.
 So fad an object, and fo well exprefs'd, 680
 Drew fighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast:
 To fee the figure of his lifelefs friend,
 And his old fire, his helplefs hand extend.
 Himfelf he faw amidft the Grecian train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain: 685
 And fwarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
 His pompous enfigns, and his Indian crew.
 Penthefilea, there, with haughty grace,
 Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield; 690
 The left, for ward, fufains the lunar fhield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt ſhe throws,
 Amidft the prefs alone provokes a thouſand foes: }
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppoſe. }
 Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes, 695
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and ſurprize,
 The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
 And pomp of guards, aſcends the ſacred fane.
 Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the fight, 700
 When in the dance the graceful goddeſs leads
 The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
 Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
 She walks majeſtic, and ſhe looks their queen:
 Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt, 705
 And feeds with ſecret joy her ſilent breast.

Such

Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
 Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
 Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
 And, passing with a gracious glance, proceeds: 710
 Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine;
 In crowds around the swarming people join.
 She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
 Hears and determines every private cause.
 Their tasks, in equal portions, she divides, 715
 And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
 Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
 His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
 Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cleanthus strong,
 And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng; 720
 Whom late the tempest on the billows tofs'd,
 And widely scatter'd on another coast.
 The prince, unseen, surpriz'd with wonder stands,
 And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
 But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
 And, from the hollow cloud, his friends surveys:
 Impatient till they told their present state,
 And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
 And why they came, and what was their request;
 For these were sent, commission'd by the rest, 730
 To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
 And gain admission to the gracious queen.
 Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
 Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
 O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods, 735
 To found an empire in these new abodes;

To

To build a town, with statutes to restrain
 The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
 We wretched Trojans, tofs'd on every shore,
 From sea to sea, thy clemency implore: 740
 Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
 Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
 And spare the remnant of a pious race. }
 We come not with design of wasteful prey,
 To drive the country, force the swains away: 745
 Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
 The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
 A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,
 The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
 Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common-fame, 750
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
 To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
 When winds, and every warring element
 Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land.
 Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand: 755
 The sea came on; the south with mighty roar,
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
 Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
 Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
 What men, what monsters, what inhuman race, 760
 What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
 Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
 And drive us to the cruel seas again!
 If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
 Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws, 765 }
 The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.

Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
 Or noble warrior, never drew a sword:
 Observant of the right, religious of his word. }
 If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, 770
 Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
 Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
 Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
 We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
 Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775
 Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
 Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
 That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
 Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
 But if, O best of men! the fates ordain 780
 That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
 And if our young Iulus be no more,
 Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
 That we to good Acestes may return,
 And with our friends our common losses mourn. 785
 Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
 With cries and clamours his request renew.
 The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
 Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
 'Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate, 790
 And doubts attending an unsettled state,
 Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
 Who has not heard the story of your woes?
 'The name and fortune of your native place,
 'The fame and valour of the Phrygian race? 795

We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
 Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
 Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
 Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
 You seek the good Acestes' government; 800 }
 Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
 And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
 Or, would you stay, and join your friendly powers, }
 To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
 My wealth, my city, and myself are yours. 805 }
 And would to heaven the storm, you felt, would bring
 On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
 My people shall, by my command, explore
 The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
 And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest 810
 Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.
 Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
 And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
 Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
 From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay? 815
 What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
 Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
 One only wants: and him we saw in vain
 Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main!
 Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid, 820
 The rest agrees with what your mother said.
 Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
 The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
 The Trojan chief appear'd in open fight,
 August in visage, and serenely bright. 825

His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
 And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
 Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold, 830
 Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold,
 Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

He whom you seek am I: by tempests tost,
 And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast: 835
 Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
 A prince that owes his life to you alone.
 Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
 Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
 You, who your pious offices employ 840
 To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
 Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore;
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
 Associate in your town a wandering train,
 And strangers in your palace entertain. 845
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
 Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
 The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd),
 If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
 And more than all the gods, your generous heart, 850
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
 In you this age is happy, and this earth:
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heaven the radiant sun: 855
 While

While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.

Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.

Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste, 860

And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:

With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,

Serestus with his left; then to his breast

Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;

And so by turns descended to the rest. 865

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:

Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;

Then recollected stood; and thus began:

What fate, O goddess-born, what angry powers 870

Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?

Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,

Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?

The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore

To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore? 875

It calls into my mind, though then a child,

When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;

And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:

My father Belus then with fire and sword

Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880

And conquering, finish'd the successful war.

From him the Trojan siege I understood,

The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.

Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,

And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd. 885

Enter, my noble guest; and you shall find,
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.
 For I myself, like you, have been distress'd;
 'Till heaven afforded me this place of rest.
 Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
 I learn to pity woes, so like my own.
 She said, and to the palace led her guest,
 Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends: 895
 Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
 With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
 And jars of generous wine, and spacious bowls,
 She gives to cheer the sailors drooping souls.
 Now purple hangings cloath the palace walls, 900
 And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
 On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
 With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine.
 And antic vases all of gold emboss'd
 (The gold itself inferior to the cost): 905
 Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
 The fights and figures of illustrious men;
 From their first founder to the present queen. }
 The good Æneas, whose paternal care
 Iulus' absence could no longer bear, 910
 Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past;
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
 Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:

A robe

A robe of tiffue, ftiff with golden wire; 915
 An upper veft, once Helen's rich attire;
 From Argos by the fam'd adultrefs brought:
 With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
 Her mother Leda's present, when ſhe came
 To ruin Troy, and fet the world on flame. 920
 The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
 Of double texture, glorious to behold;
 One order fet with gems, and one with gold.
 Inſtructed thus, the wiſe Achates goes: 925
 And in his diligence his duty ſhows.

But Venus, anxious for her ſon's affairs,
 New counſels tries; and new deſigns prepares:
 That Cupid ſhould aſſume the ſhape and face
 Of ſweet Aſcanius, and the ſprightly grace: 930
 Should bring her preſents, in her nephew's ſtead,
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poiſon ſhed.
 For much ſhe fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
 Theſe thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
 And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:
 My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
 Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies. 940
 Thou know'ſt my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.

And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains;
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.

945

For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.

How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
 Ascanius, by his father, is design'd

To come, with presents, laden from the port,
 To gratify the queen, and gain the court.

I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep?

955

Or high Cythera: that the sweet deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
 But only for a night's revolving space;

Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face.
 That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
 The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breast,
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins.

960

The god of love obeys, and sets aside
 His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride:
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight;
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

965

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
 And, in a pleasing slumber, seals his eyes;
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves:

970

Then

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.

Cupid, mean time, assum'd his form and face, 975

Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already fate,
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side, in order fate the rest. 980

Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands supply;
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry. }

Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore. 985

Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.

The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.

All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze; 990
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!

His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the gods disguise.

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.

But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)

With eyes infatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.

The guileful god, about the hero long, 1000
With childrens' play, and false embraces, hung;

Then

Then fought the queen: she took him to her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god she drew so near her breast. 1005
 But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair;
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care. }
 The dead is to the living love resign'd,
 And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and every guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And through the palace chearful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line. }
 Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
 With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power!
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
 In lasting concord, from this day combine. 1025
 Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
 And gracious Juno, both be present here:
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
 To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd 1030
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),

And

And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'Twas Bitias, whom she call'd, a thirsty soul,
 He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl: 1035
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught.
 The various labours of the wandering moon, 1040
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence. }
 What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays 1045
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
 Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
 Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore; }
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore.
 The feeds of Diomedè vary'd the discourse,
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force. 1055
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd:
 Relate at large, my god-like guest, she said,
 The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
 The fatal issue of so long a war, 1060
 Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.
 For,

For, since on every sea, on every coast,

Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,

Seven times the sun has either tropic view'd,

The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd. 1065

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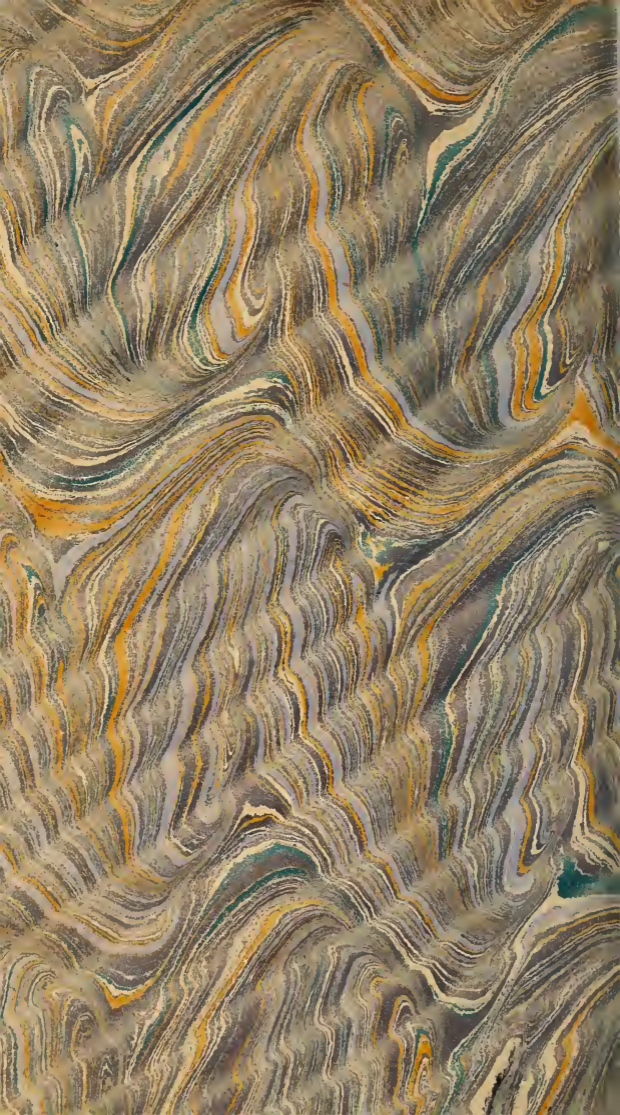
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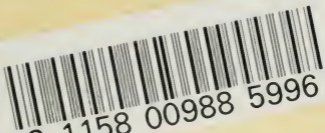
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